





1/6

7m

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

Vadde's
Corder

4
36
R

JEUX D'ESPRIT

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY FRENCH AND ENGLISH WITS AND
HUMOURISTS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

HENRY S. LEIGH.



London:

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

1877.

THEY DRESS IT

THEY DRESS IT

THEY DRESS IT


THEY DRESS IT



THEY DRESS IT

THEY DRESS IT

PREFACE.

 O claim the merit of completeness for a collection like the present would be an attempt even more absurd than hopeless: the wit and humour of a hundred years would fill a library with volumes of this kind. I have aimed only at a characteristic selection—gathering often but a stray blossom where a whole flower-bed courted the plucking. Now and then I have thought proper to condense an original, as in the exquisite but somewhat lengthy “Rovers” of Canning and Frere; and now and then I have omitted from a long letter the parts unsuitable for my purpose.

By consulting the best authorities for the parentage of these witticisms I relieve my readers of many apocryphal jests that have long sailed the ocean of light literature under notoriously false colours. Anonymous jokes have also been excluded as a matter of course; and the too common phrases—

“A wag, meeting another in the street, remarked——” and

“It was well observed by a witty author that——” are scrupulously ignored in the following pages.

In the sequence of these trifles I have carefully avoided anything that approaches method. A bouquet owes its charm to its variety. Five or six pages of Sydney Smith's clerical gaieties would grow monotonous. The cynicisms of Talleyrand and

the acerbities of Jerrold must be taken in small doses.

The mention of Talleyrand reminds me that France is by no means unrepresented in this book ; and I fancy that the names of Piron, Fontenelle, Rivarol, and Chamfort will be as welcome as those of their English brethren.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

176
MOOD inserts in one of his *Comic Annuals* a letter on autographs, in which he classifies them as follows :—

“There have been autographs written by proxy,” he says ; “for example, Doctor Dodd penned one for Lord Chesterfield. But to oblige a stranger in this way is very dangerous, considering how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope.”

“With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my forefinger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of

suet dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl grew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress.

"Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-tray with the slopped milk; also of scratching them on a soft deal dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write and does not bite her nails.

X "A friend of mine possesses an autograph—REMEMBER JIM HOSKINS—done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.

"Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees, as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement.

"The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs among her visitors which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes.

cc - s d r . Johnny Junk

Jan

Jeux d'Esprit.

3

"When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was—namely, 'a couple of lines or so with his name to it'—he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, seeing as how it was done with gunpowder on his left arm. XX

"Doppeldickius, the learned Dutchman, wrote an autograph for a friend which the latter published in a quarto volume." 2

HARLES LAMB writes as follows to his friend Manning, who contemplates becoming a missionary and converting savages:—

"My dear Manning,—The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake, don't think any more of Independent Tartary. What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? Depend upon it, they'll never make you their king as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your

c. 4 ~ 60

Christianity: they will certainly circumcise you. Read Sir John Mandeville's Travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartarman now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says, first. Indeed, he is no very favourable specimen of his countrymen. But perhaps the best thing you can do is *to try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words 'Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary,' two or three times, and associate with them the idea of oblivion ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say, 'Independent, Independent, have I not already got an independence?' That was a clever way of the old Puritans, pun-divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such parts in heathen countries, among nasty, unconversable, horse-belching Tartar people! Some say they are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar fellow eating my friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such

Let. L 7 6

things—'tis all the poet's *invention* ; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would up behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales ; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds ! The Tartars really are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought originally). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts*. *That has been your ruin*. Accustom yourself to write familiar letters on common subjects to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And *think* about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry, *natural* captain, who pleases himself vastly with having once

✓ in p^v — no. — v h 15^c
 b - g e l h v . s' d x

made a pun at Otaheite, in the O language. 'Tis the same man who said, 'Shakespeare he liked, because he was so much of the gentleman. Rickman is a man absolute in all numbers. I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of anthropophagi: their stomachs are always craving! 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest but as a meat.

"God bless you; do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?"

"God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

"Your sincere friend,

"C. LAMB."

LORD NORBURY, while sitting on a somewhat noisy trial, was pressing a reluctant witness in order to get at his profession. Being at length told that he kept a racket-court, his lordship remarked, "And a very good trade, too. So do I, so do I!"

THE OLD BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a schoolboy, aged ten,
 Oh, mighty little Greek I knew ;
 With my short striped trousers, and now
 and then

With stripes upon my jacket too ✓

When I saw other boys to the playground run

I threw my old *Gradus* by, ✕

And I left the task I had scarce begun ;—

There'll be time enough for that, said I. ✕ ✕

When I was at college my pride was dress,

And my groom and my bit of blood ; ||

But as for my study, I must confess

That I was content with my stud, ✕

I was deep in my tradesmen's books, I'm afraid,

Though not in my own, by the by ; ✕

And when rascally tailors came to be paid,

There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,

And I scribbled a deal of rhyme ;

And I talked to myself in a shady grove

Till I thought I was quite sublime. ✓

I was torn from my love !—'twas a dreadful blow,
And the lady she wiped her eye ;
But I didn't die of grief—oh, dear me, no !
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

The next was a lady of rank, a dame
With blood in her veins, you see ;
With the leaves of the Peerage she fanned the
flame
That was now consuming me.
But though of her great descent she spoke,
I found she was still very high,
And I thought looking up to a wife no joke—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next *penchant* was for one whose face
Was her fortune, she was so fair !
Oh, she spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
But a man cannot live upon air ;
And when Poverty enters the door, young Love
Will out of the casement fly ;
The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

My next was a lady who loved romance,
And wrote very splendid things ;

And she said with a sneer, when I asked her to
dance,

"Sir, I ride upon a horse with wings!" ✕

There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand,

And she whispered, "If you should die,

I will write you an epitaph, gloomy and grand;" ✕

There'll be time enough for that, said I.

I left her, and sported my figure and face

At opera, party, and ball ;

I met pretty girls at ev'ry place,

But I found a defect in all !

The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,

The second, I cannot say why ;

And the third—Bless me, I will not marry *now* ;

There'll be time enough for that, said I. ✓

I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace

A sort of a wrinkle or two ;

So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face, ||

And come out as good as new.

To my hair I imparted a little more jet,

And I scarce could suppress a sigh ;—

But I cannot be quite an old bachelor yet—

No, there's time enough for that, said I.

I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
 All the airs of a juvenile beau ;
 But somehow, whenever the question I popp'd,
 The girls with a laugh said, "No!"
 I am sixty to-day—not a very young man—
 And a bachelor doomed to die ;
 So youths be advised, and marry while you can ;
 There's no time to be lost, say I.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

"**I** WONDER," said Thomas Hood to a friend,
 "that none of the quack doctors have got
 up an infallible nostrum against the sea-
 malady. It would be sure, one would think, of a
sail. One can almost fancy a little dialogue:—

"*Passenger*. Well, doctor, I have tried your
 sea-sick remedy.

"*Doctor*. Well, and how did it *turn out*?"

A YOUNG gentleman was requested, in com-
 pany where the younger Colman was
 present, to sing. He declared that he could
 not, and added that they evidently wished to make
 a butt of him. "No, my dear sir," said George,
 "they only want to get a stave out of you."

SYDNEY SMITH was once advised by a fashionable publisher to attempt a three volume novel. "Well," said he, after some seeming consideration, "if I do so, I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant;—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under thehassocks—appeal to the parishioners, etc., etc."

A MAN being convicted of bigamy before Mr. Justice Maule, the following dialogue took place:—

Clerk of Assize. What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

Prisoner. Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago, and I have never seen her since, and I married this woman last winter.

Mr. Justice Maule. I will tell you what you ought to have done; and, if you say you did not know, I must tell you that the law conclusivelypresumes that you did. You ought to have in-

b 7 ✓ = 1000 → 7 of 40
 mind.

instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about £100. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the Ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*. That would have cost you £200 or £300 more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The Bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament, and altogether you would have had to spend about £1,000 or £1,200. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

LOVE is more pleasant than marriage, for the same reason that romances are more amusing than history.—CHAMFORT.

SONG.

THREE score and ten by common calculation
The years of man amount to ; but we'll say ✓
He turns four-score, yet, in my estimation,
In all those years he has not lived a day. ✕

Out of the eighty you must first remember
The hours of night you pass asleep in bed, ✓
And, counting from December to December,
Just half your life you'll find you have been
dead.

To forty years at once by this reduction ✓
We come; and sure, the first five from your birth,
While cutting teeth and living upon suction,
You're not alive to what this life is worth. ✕

From thirty-five next take for education ✓
Fifteen at least at college and at school ✓
When, notwithstanding all your application,
The chances are you may turn out a fool. ||

Still twenty we have left us to dispose of, ✕
But during them your fortune you've to make;
And granting, with the luck of some one knows of,
'Tis made in ten—that's ten from life to take.

Out of the ten yet left you must allow for

The time for shaving, tooth and other aches, ~~X~~

Say four—and that leaves six, too short, I vow, for

Regretting past and making fresh mistakes. ~~X~~

24 Meanwhile each hour dispels some fond illusion ;

Until at length, *sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, you may

Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion—

You've reached fourscore, but haven't lived a
day! J. R. PLANCHÉ.

✓
The following attempt at *bouts rimés*, by Horace Walpole, is remarkably happy :—

I SITS with my feet in a—brook ;

And if any one asks me for—why,

I hits him a lick with my—crook, ~~X~~

And says, "Sentiment kills me," says—I. ||

~~X~~ **S**YDNEY SMITH, talking of the bad effects of late hours, said of a distinguished diner—

out that it would be written on his tomb,

"He dined late." — "And died early," added Luttrell.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S
ALBUM.



PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men. —
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect—
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn, —
Or Love, the life of song.
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan ;
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.

They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss ;
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm ;
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form—
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
To keep you off its beat,
And I might dare as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire,
As other poets can :
My life (she's by !) won't let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart ;

Without a groan to call my own,
 With neither hand nor heart ;
 To Hymen vowed and not allowed
 To flirt e'en with your fan,
 Here end, as just a friend, I must—
 I'm not a single man.

THOMAS HOOD.

JEKYLL one day received an invitation to Lansdowne House, but excused himself by a prior engagement to meet the judges. During the dinner a part of the ceiling at Lansdowne House fell in. Jekyll afterwards described his escape thus :—"I was asked to ruat cælum, but dined instead with fiat justitia."

WHEN the Duke of York, during the Walcheren Expedition, had to retreat before the French, Sheridan gave as a toast, "The Duke of York and his brave followers." + X

SYDNEY SMITH said that his idea of heaven was eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. X

or (✓) P L: 0 eating wheels
 & drinking ale & a barrel
 upon S:

AT some country house, where a dramatic piece founded on "Ivanhoe" was to be performed, Lord Alvanley was requested to play the part of Isaac of York. He declined, saying, "I never could do a Jew in my life."

FERROLD, speaking of a thorough scoundrel, says, "He would sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother."

EPIGRAM.

THE French have taste in all they do,
Which we are quite without :
For Nature, that to them gave gout,
To us gave only gout.

LORD ERSKINE.

MR. DUNNING, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was stating the law to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books."—"My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp X
That binds her virgin zone.
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life—
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl X
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa, forgive
This erring lip its smiles!—
Vowed she should make the finest girl ✓
Within a hundred miles.

He sent her to a stylish school—
'Twas in her thirteenth June—
And with her (as the rules required)
Two towels and a spoon.

They braced my aunt against a board
To make her straight and tall ;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small.
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins ;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track.)
“ Ah ! ” said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
“ What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man ? ”

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,

Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplish'd maid.
For her how happy had it been !
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WORD ELLENBOROUGH showing some impatience at a barrister's speech, the gentleman paused, and said—"Is it the pleasure of the court that I should proceed with my statement?"—"Pleasure, sir, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

DUGLAS JERROLD, speaking of a dangerous illness from which he had recovered, described it as "a runaway knock at Death's door."

HEKYLL, calling on Colman, noticed a squirrel in one of the usual round cages. "Ah, poor devil!" was the pitying remark; "he's going the Home Circuit."

"**B**ELIEVE, Charles Lamb, you have heard me preach?" asked Coleridge once, in the middle of one of his almost endless monologues. "I n-never heard you d-d-do anything else," stammered Elia.

THOMAS RAIKES, whose rather interesting *Diary* has conferred upon him a limited immortality, was a club-man of the first water in the days when George the Fourth was king. He shone rather conspicuously as a dandy, but Nature had almost neutralized the efforts of Art by disfiguring Thomas Raikes's features—and his nose in particular—with marks of the small-pox. One day the fashionable diarist amused himself by composing and sending to Count D'Orsay some offensively personal verses. These were, of course, despatched anonymously, the envelope being fastened with a red wafer and stamped with a thimble. The verses got about and caused considerable amusement. D'Orsay at once penetrated the mystery, and meeting the author of the *mauvaise plaisanterie* at one of his clubs a few days after, mildly counselled him thus:—"The

next time, *mon cher*, that you write any one an anonymous letter, pray don't seal it with the tip of your nose."

EPIGRAM.

AS late the Trades Unions, by way of a show,
Over Westminster Bridge strutted five in a
row,

"I feel for the bridge," whispered Dick with a
shiver ;

"Thus tried by the mob it may sink in the river."

Quoth Tom (a Crown lawyer), "Abandon your
fears ;

As a bridge it can only be tried by its piers."

JAMES SMITH.

THEODORE HOOK, being challenged to pun
on the name of Rosenagen, introduced
the following verse into one of his im-
provisations :—

"Yet more of my Muse is required ;

Alas ! I'm afraid she is done.

But no ! Like a fiddler that's tired,

She'll rosin-again and go on !"

“**Y**OU find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and twopence.”

SYDNEY SMITH.

JAMES ALBERY, the dramatist, was one day descending in a great hurry the steps fronting the Savage Club, when a stranger—in a state of anxiety which defied punctuation—addressed him thus: “I beg your pardon but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X——?” Alberly answered the question eagerly by another: “Stop a moment. What’s the name of his other eye?”

BUSHE, the Irish Chief-Baron, made this impromptu verse upon two agitators who had refused to fight duels, one on account of his affection for his wife, and the other because of his love for his daughter:—

“Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved on the Hebrew command—
One honoured his wife and the other his daughter
That his days might be long in the land.”

SYDNEY SMITH, speaking of three very lovely sisters, said they were all so beautiful that Paris could not have decided between them, but would have cut his apple into slices.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, in spite of his unenviable reputation, was capable of something better than mere Irish bulls. One day, when Curran declared that "he was quite capable of acting as the guardian of his own honour," Sir Boyle said, "Indeed; I always thought that the honourable member was an enemy to sinecures."

IF Diogenes were living in these times, says Chamfort, his lantern would have to be a dark one.

AN illiterate publican at Harrogate wrote over his door, "Bear sold here."—"He spells the word quite correctly," said Theodore Hook, "if he means to apprise us that the article is of his own Bruin!"

EPIGRAM.

“**T**O this night's masquerade,” quoth Dick,
 “By pleasure I am beckoned ;
 And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
 To go as Charles the Second.”

Tom felt for repartee athirst,
 And thus to Richard said :
 “You'd better go as Charles the First,
 For that requires no head.”

JAMES SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH, writing to Lady Holland, says:—“Luttrell came over for a day, from where I know not, but I thought *not* from good pastures ; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. He was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal soup.”

“**S**OMETIMES a fellow feels lonely, and would like to have a nice young woman, to tell her how lonely he feels.”

WENDELL HOLMES.

CHARLES LAMB, coming to town one day in the Enfield coach, was considerably bored by the questions of an agricultural fellow-traveller, especially relating to the weather and the crops. Lamb knew and cared very little about either. At last came the maddening enquiry, “How do you think the *turnips* will come out, sir?”—“Why, sir,” stammered the exasperated victim, “I suppose it will all d-d-depend upon the b-b-boiled legs of mutton!”

DUGLAS JERROLD and Laman Blanchard were strolling about and discussing a plan for aiding the cause of Greek liberty, when a shower came on and wetted them to the skin. Relating the incident afterwards, Jerrold observed, “That shower of rain washed all the Greece out of us.”

*RICH AND POOR ; OR, SAINT AND
SINNER.*

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
In the face of ghostly warning,
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning. X

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station ;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner ;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him. |

There is a sound morality & a
morality of sound
Jeux d'Esprit.

29

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality ;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society :
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight
And a stench in the nose of piety. //

The rich man has a carriage
Where no rude eyes can flout him ;
The poor man's bane
Is a third-class train,
With the daylight all about him.

The rich man goes out yachting,
Where sanctity can't pursue him ;
The poor goes afloat
In a fourpenny boat,
Where the bishop groans to view him. X

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

54

MORACE SMITH having declared on one occasion that Brougham was the greatest man in England, his assertion was warmly contested. Upon this he loudly exclaimed, "Where is there a greater?"—"Here," said the punch-mixing Theodore Hook, with a look of exquisite simplicity, at the same time holding up a nutmeg-grater.

WEWITZER, the actor and wag, was joking and laughing at rehearsal one day, instead of minding the business of the scene. Raymond, the stage-manager, took him to task, saying, "Come, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention."—"Well, sir," answered Wewitzer, "so I am; I'm paying as little attention as I can."

SYDNEY SMITH, writing to Lady Carlisle during his last illness, says—"If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to *me*. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."

A TERRIBLE INFANT.

RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass;
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kiss'd the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection !
Thinks I, *Aha !*
When I can talk I'll tell mamma
And that's my earliest recollection.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

WHEN Moore's "Lalla Rookh" appeared,
Lady Holland said to him : "Mr. Moore, I
don't intend to read your *Larry O'Rourke*.
I don't like Irish stories."

AVERY ugly old barrister, arguing a point of
practice before Plunket, claimed to be
received as an authority. "I am a pretty
old practitioner, my lord."—"An old practitioner,
Mr. S——," was Plunket's correction.

(The following rigmarole of quaint comparisons is extracted from Thomas Hood's *Tale of a Trumpet*. The poem is too long to be inserted here in toto.)



F all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor
Spearing!

On her head, it is true,

Two flaps there grew,

That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;

But, for any purpose of ears in a parley,

They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.,

You saw in her face that the woman was deaf.

From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,

Each queer feature asked a query;

A look that said, in a silent way,

"Who? and What? and How? and Eh?"

I'd give my ears to know what you say!"

And well she might—for each auricular

Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular

That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,

And never hears a word of a row!

Ears that might serve her, now and then,
 As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops,
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
 Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
 But as for hearing wisdom or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,
Or politics—whether of Fox or Pitt—
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a
dish!

She was deaf as a post (as said before),
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks.
For her all human kind were dumb:
 Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum
 That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks!

She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones ;
 And surely deafness no further could reach
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten—
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath
 In addressing the “dull, cold ear of death”)—
 Or the felon's ear that was stuffed with Cotton ;
 Or Charles the First *in statue quo* ;
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
 With their eyes of glass and their hair of flax,
 That only stare, whatever you “ax,”
 For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond
 And would not listen to Mrs. Bond—
 As deaf as any Frenchman appears
 When he puts his shoulders into his ears :
 And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
 As deaf as Gog and Magog at one ;
 Or, still to be a simile-seeker—
 As deaf as dog's-ears to Enfield's “Speaker” !

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy; ✕
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour;
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer!

Deaf to sounds as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article. —
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in.

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke, ✕
Or all the deafness in Yearsley's work,
Who, in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
To give the dunny organ a hearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing!

“**I** SUPPOSE the other gentlemen as sleeps here *are* gentlemen,” said Sam. “Nothing but,” replied Roker; “one on ’em takes his twelve pints of ale a day, and never leaves off smoking, even at his meals.”—*Pickwick.*

THE following epigrams were exchanged between James Smith and Sir George Stewart Rose, on the subject of Craven Street, Strand, where the former was then residing:—

James Smith.

At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found.
 Fly, honesty! fly to some safer retreat,
For there’s craft in the river and craft in the street.

Sir George Rose.

Why should honesty fly to some safer retreat,
 From attorneys and barges? odd rot ’em!
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

AT a dinner party in Paris, a dull and ugly German baron, finding himself seated between Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier (the *belle* of the day), whispered to the former, "Am I not fortunate to be thus placed between beauty and talent?"—"Not so very fortunate," replied the offended authoress, "since you possess neither one nor the other!"

WHAT anchorites—observes Theodore Hook—we all became in England when our stomachs were literally turned by the fear of the cholera. Esculent vegetables were pronounced uneatable—even the tailors forswore cabbage; people looked black upon green peas, and eschewed with horror the salads they once chewed with pleasure. As to fruits, it was fruitless to put them on the table: the dessert was deserted; every apple was a forbidden one; currants were no longer current; it was dangerous to pare a pear, and still more so to pine for pine. Some forsook their French wines, and took to port as the only safe

harbour ; others gave up their spirits at the very moment when they most wanted to keep them up ; and a few paid more than usual attention to their temper, because they had been cautioned against everything liable to turn sour.

DICKENS describes an arbour as "one of those sweet retreats which humane men erect for the accommodation of spiders."

THE English are a calm, reflecting people ; they will give time and money when they are convinced ; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances he can no longer hold out, but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the page, including the word "Bibliob" and various symbols.


WORD ELLENBOROUGH once had the very well-known, but not very eloquent, Orator

Hunt before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some one who "complained of his dangerous eloquence!"—"They do you great injustice, sir," said the considerate and merciful Chief-Justice, to relieve him from all anxiety on the point.

AT a subscription of the French Academy for some charitable object, the collector, by mistake, made a second application to a member noted for stinginess. "I have already paid," sharply said the latter. "I beg your pardon," replied the applicant, "I have no doubt you did; I believe it, though I did not see it."—"And I saw it and do not believe it," whispered Voltaire.

THEODORE HOOK was asked how it came about that all our best poets were driven to the necessity of writing prose. "Because poetry is prose-scribed," was his answer.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF
CHIVALRY.

ELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous, romantic work
Is ended now and past !
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all overcast.

Ay—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest ?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound ;
So sleep his knights who gave the Round
Old Table such *éclat*.
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow,
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law.

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a guy,
Orlando lies forlorn.

Bold Sidney and his kidney—nay,
Those “early champions”—what are they
But knights without a morn?

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye.

Alas! for Lion-Hearted Dick
That cut the Moslems to the quick;—
His weapon lies in peace.
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred, too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall.

||| No Saracen meets Paladin ;
We hear of no great Saladin,
But only grow the small.

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff.
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off.

Where are those old and feudal clans—
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks—jerkins—buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work ; but men
Fight now with powder-puffs ! || 84

The curtal-axe is out of date ;
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate ;
'Tis gone, the archer's craft !
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft. X

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear is laid aside ;
Oh, spits now domineer !
The coat of mail is left alone ;
And where is all chain-armour gone ?
Go, ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing handcuffs with our fists ;
A low and vulgar art !
No mounted man is overthrown ;
A tilt ! it is a thing unknown,
Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance !
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir !
'Tis but the guard to Exeter ✓
That bugles the "Defiance" !

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears
And scatter plumes about ?

Or blood—if they are in the vein?—
 That tap will never run again—
 Alas! the casque is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
 By dint of battle-axe or sword,
 To find a vital place :
 Though certain doctors still pretend,
 Awhile, before they kill a friend,
 To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
 Crusader, errant-squire and knight!
 Our coats and customs soften.
 To rise would only make you weep—
 Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,
 As in a safety coffin!

THOMAS HOOD.

FOOTE, being annoyed one day by an itinerant fiddler, who groaned harsh discords under his window, threw him down sixpence and bade him begone, as one scraper at a door was quite sufficient.

how scraper

EPIGRAM.

TO Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once ;
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool.

JAMES SMITH.

THE younger Dumas perpetrated a cruel joke
against the Manzanares, the rivulet that
runs through Madrid and is called a river
by the grandiloquent inhabitants thereof. The
famous dramatist was one day present at a bull-
fight, when either the heat of the climate, or some
revolting incident in the show, overcame him to
such an extent that he fainted. On somebody
coming up with a glass of water, just at the
moment of his recovery, Dumas declined it, mur-
muring, "Go and pour it into the Manzanares ;
the river needs it much more than I !"

Manzana Nares E-7: ah c
J. old Nares + Nares E-7
n n s 10 1) E-7 8.2

I'M VERY FOND OF WATER.

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG.

I'M very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night;
 Not Rechab's son or daughter
 Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily;
 And nectar it doth seem
 When once I've mixed it gaily
 With sugar and with cream.
 But I forgot to mention—
 That in it first I see,
 Infused or in suspension,
 Good Mocha or Bohea.

CHORUS.

*I'm very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night;
 No mother's son or daughter
 Hath therein more delight.*

At luncheon, too, I drink it,
And strength it seems to bring :
When really good I think it
A liquor for a king.
But I forgot to mention—
'Tis best to be sincere—
I use an old invention
That makes it into beer.

I'm very fond of water, etc.

I drink it, too, at dinner ;
I quaff it full and free,
And find, as I'm a sinner,
It does not disagree.
But I forgot to mention—
As thus I drink and dine,
To obviate distention,
I join some sherry wine.

I'm very fond of water, etc.

And then, when dinner's over,
And business far away,
I feel myself in clover,
And sip my *eau sucrée*.

But I forgot to mention—
 To give the glass a smack,
 I add, with due attention,
 Glenlivat or Cognac.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

At last, when evening closes,
 With something nice to eat,
 The best of sleeping doses
 In water still I meet.
 But I forgot to mention—
 I think it not a sin
 To cheer the day's declension
 By pouring in some gin.

*I'm very fond of water :
 It ever must delight
 Each mother's son or daughter,
 When qualified aright.*

LORD NEAVES.

IN a dispute between Sir Watkin Lewis and John Wilkes, the former said, "I'll be your butt no longer."—"With all my heart," answered Wilkes ; "I hate an empty one."

*ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND
LEANDER.*

WHY, lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming half seas over?

Why, lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of Greece
Come all over dripping?

Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a lighter?

Why, maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair
When he is on the landing?

THOMAS HOOD.

THE Duchesse du Maine said to Madame de
Staël: "I am very fond of conversation;
everybody listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

SONNET.

THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING A
PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOUR.

I WOULD I were that Reverend Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed
cane

Who hangs in Delia's parlour ! For, whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him converge the sunbeams of her eyes ;

And he unblamed may gaze upon my fair,
And oft my fair his favour'd form surveys.

Oh happy picture ! still on her to gaze !

I envy him ; and jealous fear alarms,

Lest the strong glance of those divinest charms
Warm him to life, as in the ancient days,

When marble melted in Pygmalion's arms.

I would I were that Reverend Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(Written in satire of Mr. Merry and the Della
Cruscans.)

ON TWO GUNMAKERS.

TWO of a trade can ne'er agree—
 Each worries each if able ;
 In Manton and in Egg we see
 That proverb proved a fable.

Each deals in guns, whose loud report
 Proclaims the fact I'm broaching ;
Manton's are made for lawful sport,
And Egg's are best for poaching.

JAMES SMITH.

HEARING that Mr. Calvert, ambitious of Parliamentary distinction, was going to canvass the Borough, James Smith exclaimed, "I am very glad to hear it ; I got wet through yesterday between Guy's Hospital and Tooley Street."

SOMEBODY told Lady Morgan that a certain bishop was so lax in Church observances, that "he would eat a horse on Ash-Wednesday."—"Of course he would," said the lady, "if it was a fast horse!"

SHORTLY before Foote brought forward his "Primitive Puppet-Show" at the Haymarket Theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"—"Oh, dear madam, no," was the reply, "not much above the size of Garrick."

SOMEBODY mentioned to James Smith that a lady of his acquaintance kept her books in detached shelves, one part for male authors and the other for female. He replied, "I suppose the lady's reason was that she did not wish to increase her library."

LORD ALVANLEY had been dining on one occasion with Mr. Greville, whose dining-room had been newly and splendidly decorated. The meal was, however, a very meagre and indifferent one. Some of the guests were flattering their host upon his magnificence, taste, and hospitality. "For my own part," interposed Alvanley, "I would rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

TALLEYRAND was bored for his autograph by a dull English nobleman. At last he sent him the following invitation: "Dear Lord,—Will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock. I have invited a number of exceedingly clever people, and I do not like to be the only fool among them."

"**I** MUST decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it," said Sydney Smith; adding, "my writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs."

ONE evening at Carlton House the Prince Regent observed to the author of "The Heir-at-Law,"—"Why, Colman, you are older than *I* am." George replied, "Oh no, sir; I could not have taken the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness."

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on !
 Through pathless realms of space
 Roll on !

What though I'm in a sorry case ?
 What though I cannot meet my bills ?
 What though I suffer toothache's ills ?
 What though I swallow countless pills ?
 Never *you* mind ;
 Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
 Through seas of inky air
 Roll on !

It's true I've got no shirts to wear ;
 It's true my butcher's bill is due ;
 It's true my prospects all look blue ;
 But don't let that unsettle you !
 Never *you* mind !
 Roll on !

W. S. GILBERT.

9 0 6 7 8 . 2 4
 n 9 7 5 6 8

ON THE GREEK SCHOLAR, GOTTFRIED
HERMANN.

A SYLLOGISM WITH THE CONCLUSION SUPPRESSED.

THE Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek ;
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more ;—
All, save only Hermann,
And—Hermann's a German.

RICHARD PORSON.

5 in 100
95 in
100 in 100
99 in 100

DOUGLAS JERROLD said to a young gentleman who burned with an ardent desire to find himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man ; don't take down the shutters until there is something in the window."

FRRIEND was informing John Hollingshead that a German band had invaded the legal precinct of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and suggested that it must cause considerable annoyance to the solicitors. "Not a bit," said Hollingshead, "so long as they play in 6/8 time." X

sp > L z r o v 1

THE following is a specimen of Sir W. Maule's way of addressing a jury :—

Gentlemen, the learned counsel is perfectly right in his law. There is some evidence upon that point. But he is a lawyer and you are not, and you don't know what he means by some evidence, and so I'll tell you. Suppose there was an action on a bill of exchange, and six people swore they saw the defendant accept it, and six others swore they heard him say that he should have to pay it, and six others knew him intimately and swore to his handwriting. And suppose, on the other side, they called a poor old man who had been at school with the defendant forty years before and not seen him since, and he said he rather thought the acceptance was not his writing; why, there would be some evidence that it was not. And that is what the learned counsel means in this case.

He mumbled 1-6

EIGH HUNT was asked by a lady at dessert if he would not venture on an orange. "Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

RAILROAD travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of one hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate; time, distance, and delay are abolished.

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH, writing of Scotch vanity, says, "They would have you even believe that they can ripen fruit; and, to be candid, I must own that in remarkably warm summers I have tasted peaches that made most excellent pickles; and it is upon record that, at the siege of Perth, on one occasion, the ammunition failing, their nectarines made excellent cannon-balls."

20
4

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'**I** WAS in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bedside.

O, William dear! O, William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But, though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come
And made a snatch at me.
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent-like and chary;
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

1. 4. 0. 1. 4. 7. 2. 2. 4. 5. 6.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The Hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But Fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there at Dr. Bell's—
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet—the little feet
You used to call so pretty—
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
And t'other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can : —
As for my trunk, it's all packed up X
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place X
They've took for my inside.

po-c r n v
e l . b z
u z u l
o m - i
L u n g u p
1 (b r) o v
v - / m e
1 b l - b o
6) . 1 0 1 3
v o k i v
- 1 c h u
- g i b +
9 4

The cock it crows ! I must begone !

My William, we must part.

But I'll be yours in death, although

Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave

And think that there I be ;

They haven't left an atom there

Of my anatomic.

THOMAS HOOD.

THEY say that knowledge is power. I used to think so ; but I now know that they meant money ; and when Socrates declared that all he knew was that he knew nothing, he merely intended to declare that he had not a drachma in the Athenian world.

BYRON'S LETTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL woman, who wore on her bosom a miniature of her husband, a very ugly man, asked Thomas Moore what he thought of it. "I think," said he, "that it is like the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill."

TO MR. HODGSON.

FROM ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.



UZZA! Hodgson, we are going;
Our embargo's off at last.
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvas o'er the mast,
From aloft the signal's streaming;
Hark! the farewell gun is fired.
Sailors swearing, women screaming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house,
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking;
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearched amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar.
Baggage from the quay is low'ring:
We're impatient—push from shore!

"Have a care—that case holds liquor."

"Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!"

"Sick, ma'am?—hang it, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board!"

Thus are screaming

Men and women,

Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;

Here entangling

All are wrangling,

Stuck together close as wax.

Such the general noise and racket

Ere we reach the Lisbon packet.

Now we've reach'd her—lo ! the captain

Gallant Kidd, commands the crew.

Passengers their berths are clapt in—

Some to grumble, some to spew.

"Heyday ! Call you that a cabin ?

Why, 'tis hardly three feet square ;

Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—

Who the deuce can harbour there ?"

"Who, sir ? Plenty.

Nobles twenty

Did at once my vessel fill."

"Did they ? Bacchus,

How you pack us !
Would to heav'n they did so still !
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket
Of the good ship, Lisbon packet.

"Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob ! where are you ?
Stretched along the deck like logs.
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you !
Here's a rope's end for the dogs."
Hobhouse, muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth, and d—ns our souls.

"Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help !"—"A couplet ?"—"No, a cup
Of warm water."

"What's the matter ?"
"Zounds ! my liver's coming up.
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon packet !"

Now at length we're off for Turkey ;
Lord knows when we shall come back.

Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack.
 But, since Life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow—
 Still to laugh by far the best is ;
 Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well—at sea or shore.
 While we're quaffing
 Let's have laughing ;
 Who the devil cares for more ?
 Some good wine !—and who would lack it,
 Ev'n on board the Lisbon packet ?

LORD BYRON.

MAJOR BRERETON, a notorious gambler, one day met Foote, who accosted him with, "How are you, major? How have you been going on of late?"—"I have had a great misfortune," replied the major; "I have lost Mrs. Brereton."—"How did you lose her?" was the next question; "at hazard, or quince?"

FONTENELLE being at the opera, when a hundred years old, an Englishman entered his box, and said, "I have come express from London in order to see the author of *Thetis and Peleus*."—"Sir," replied Fontenelle, "you cannot say that I have not given you plenty of time." X 2

ALADY wrote to Talleyrand, informing him of her husband's death. She received the following reply:—

"Hélas !

"Madame, votre affectionné, etc.,

"TALLEYRAND." X

In less than a year she again wrote announcing that she had married a second time. The answer ran thus:—

"Oh, ho !

"Madame, votre affectionné, etc.,

"TALLEYRAND." X

TALLEYRAND described a great metaphysician as a man who excelled in writing with black ink on a black ground. XXX 2

RECEIPT FOR A WINTER SALAD.

TWO large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve

Unwonted softness to the salad give
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon ;—
 Distrust the condiment which bites so soon.
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown
 And once with vinegar procured from town
 True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
 And, lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
 A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
 Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's
 tough,
 And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
 Serenely full the epicure may say,
 "Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."
X
 SYDNEY SMITH.

(The following invention of Charles Lamb's concerning Coleridge is told with irresistible drollery :—)

“**I** WAS going,” he says, “from my house at Enfield to the India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and—in spite of my telling him that time was precious—he drew me within the door of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there—sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens—he took me by the button of my coat and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking of a church clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and—with my penknife—quietly severing the button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice, and, on looking in, there he was, with closed

eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

AN actor named Priest one evening took a benefit at one of the principal London theatres. Somebody came into the Garrick Club and stated that there were a good many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said John Foole.

WORD BROUGHAM defined a lawyer as "a legal gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

AGENTLEMAN somewhat given to boasting of the high company he frequented was indulging this amiable weakness at his club one evening when Jerrold was present. "Very singular!" he began. "I dined at the Marchioness of So-and-so's last week, and we actually had no fish."—"Easily explained," said Jerrold; "no doubt they had eaten it all upstairs."

TO MINERVA.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

MY temples throb, my pulses boil ;
I'm sick of song and ode and ballad ;
So, Thyrsis, take the midnight oil
And pour it on a lobster-salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul :
I cannot write a verse or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHEN Piron was living at Beaune, getting
daily deeper into disgrace through his
follies and frolics, a friend met him just
outside the town one morning, carefully beheading
with his cane all the thistles that came in his way.
Being asked what he was about, he answered, "I
am at war with the inhabitants of this place, and
am cutting off their provisions."

Y. E. Ames

SIR THOMAS ROBINSON, a very tall and not very brilliant being, invited Lord Chesterfield to make some verses on him, which was done as follows :

“Unlike my subject now shall be my song ;
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long.”

MARIVAUX, the French dramatist, wrote an epigram on marriage, which may be thus translated :—

I would advise a man to pause
 Before he takes a wife ;
In fact, I see no earthly cause
He should not pause for life.

A YOUNG lady, having made a very unsuccessful *début* under Foote's management at the Haymarket, was of course laid upon the shelf in consequence. Every now and then she bothered Foote by inquiring when she was to make her second appearance. “Your second?” said he at last, musingly ; “let me see. Well, madam, by the time the public have quite forgotten your first.”

ALADY of ninety said one day to Fontenelle, who was then eighty-five himself, "Death appears to have forgotten us."—"Hush!" whispered the witty old man hastily, putting his finger on his lips.

WHEN a subscription was proposed for Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and wondering how Fox would take it, Selwyn said, "Take it? why, quarterly, to be sure."

GEORGE COLMAN was walking up the Haymarket with his handkerchief half out of his pocket when somebody hinted, "You'll lose your handkerchief, sir."—"Not if you pass on," retorted George ungratefully.

DOCTOR PARR one day, in the heat of argument called a brother clergyman a fool. The latter threatened that he would report the matter to his bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and the bishop will confirm you."

as a boy 15-176

2 A 1

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade ;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew ;
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
 He'll be as good as me ;
 For when your swain is in our boat
 A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her
 And taken off her elf,
 She roused, and found she only was
 A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"

She cried, and wept outright :

"Then I will to the waterside
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her :

"Now, young woman," said he,

"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! They've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow ;"

And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."

"The tender!" cried poor Sally Brown,
"What a hardship that must be."

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him :
But I am not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim."

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales;
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben
Whose Christian name was John.

"Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so!
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then, reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh:
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's well,"
But couldn't, though he tried ;
~~His head was turned, and so he chewed~~
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell ;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

SOME brainless acquaintance of Rivarol's was
boasting before him of having mastered
four languages. "I congratulate you," said
Rivarol ; "you'll have in future four words for one
idea."

MANY of Charles Lamb's puns actually make
us laugh by reason of their badness. Here
is an example. When his friend Cary, the
translator of Dante, expressed an uncertainty as to
the choice of a calling for one of his sons, Lamb
suggested, "Make him an Apothe-Cary."

EPIGRAM.

I WENT to Frankfort and got drunk
 With that most learned Professor Brunck,
I went to Worts and got more drunken
With that more learned Professor Bruncken.

RICHARD PORSON.

I AMB on one occasion confided a pet dog
 to the care of Mr. Patmore, and shortly
 afterwards wrote the following letter of
 inquiry :—

“Dear Patmore,—Excuse my anxiety, but how
 is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore
 kept her rules and was improving—but Dash
 came uppermost. The order of our thoughts
 should be the order of our writing.) Goes he
 muzzled, or aperto ore? Are his intellects sound,
 or does he wander a little in his conversation?
 You cannot be too careful to watch the first
 symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl
 he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs
 here are going mad, if you believe the overseers;
 but I protest they seem to me very rational and

Handwritten notes:
 V a 2 n / a V L L n 37 7
 crrodul n 2 o Lamb n 20 L
 Dash

collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does he wag his tail horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean, when he is pleased; for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time, but that was in *Hyder-Alley's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than *he*! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad-dance set to the mad-howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. 'My, how he capers!' (One of the children speaks this.)

(Here three lines are erased.)

"What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid a fire or a precipice;' which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

"If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him and lead him in a string (common packthread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf; and, if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say."

THE COLUBRIAD.

ELOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked
aghast.

I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;
Not much concern'd to know what they did there,
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop and to exclaim, "What's this ?"
When lo ! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper—long as Count de Grasse's queue,
Forth from his head his forked tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;
Who, never having seen in field or house
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse ;
Only projecting with attention due
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are
you ?"
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe ;
With which well-armed I hastened to the spot
To find the viper, but I found him not ;

And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
 Found only that he was not to be found.
 But still the kittens, sitting as before,
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door. X
 "I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
 Has slipt between the door and the door-sill;
 And, if I make despatch and follow hard,
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
 For long 'ere now it should have been rehearsed
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first—
 E'en there I found him, there the full-grown cat
 His head with velvet paw did gently pat ; X
 As curious as the kittens erst had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean. |
 Fill'd with heroic ardour at the sight,
 And fearing ev'ry moment he would bite—
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat—
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
 And taught him never to come there no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

IT is the belief of the benevolent that even the
devil may be painted in shadow.

X DOUGLAS JERROLD.

EPIGRAM.

“**W**HAT makes you think the world is round?
Give me a reason fair!”—

“Because so very few are found
Who act upon the square.”

T. DIBDIN.

IT requires a surgical operation to get a joke
well into a Scotch understanding. Their
only idea of wit, or rather that inferior
variety of the electric talent which prevails occa-
sionally in the North, and which, under the name
of *Wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good
taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. ~~XX~~
They are so imbued with metaphysics that they
even make love metaphysically. I overheard a
young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in
Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the
music, “What you say, my lord, is very true of
love in the *aibstract*, but——” Here the fiddlers
began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.

SYDNEY SMITH.

EXTRACT FROM "POEMS OF THE
APPREHENSION."

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street.
'Twas so since first from one I ran ;
'Twas so e'en in the Isle of Man ;
'Twill be so e'en in Newgate's hold,
Or in the Fleet !
A trap is hateful to a man :
And my whole course in life shall be
Bent against them in just antipathy.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

FOOTE, being asked whether the infant child
of a very weak-minded father did not
resemble its parent, replied, "I am not
so good a physiognomist as to know whether the
father is like the child, but this I know—there is
a good deal of the child about the father."

OF some very lachrymose person Rivarol said,
"The prophet Jeremiah would have ap-
peared a buffoon by the side of him."

ON A STUPID FAMILY.

“**M**Y children! to cope with the world and its tricks,”

(Said old Prosy, addressing his sons half a score,)

“I would have you resemble the bundle of sticks!”—

Well; they proved a mere bundle of sticks, and no more.

T. DIBDIN.

ALLEXANDRE DUMAS has a well-won social reputation as a teller of stories. Being at a large party one evening, he was rather annoyed at the persistent efforts of his hostess to draw him out and exhibit his power in this accomplishment. At last, weary of refusing, he said, “Every one to his trade, madam. The gentleman who entered your drawing-room just before me is a distinguished artillery officer. Let him bring a cannon here and fire it; then I will tell one of my little stories.”

A POPULAR FALLACY.

Sx
X
IT is dishonest to deprive me of my goods
 "against my will." It is a dead robbery
 to make free with my live stock. It is
felony to abstract from my dwelling-house. It is
larceny to take my purse, my handkerchief, my
 watch, or my snuff-box. It is picking and stealing
 to thin my apples. It is theft to walk off with my
 shoes or stockings. It is prigging to sneak away
 with a tea-spoon. It is pilfering to appropriate my
 toothpick or my loose change. It is filching to
 convey my hat from its peg, or my cloak from the
 hall. It is breach of trust to abscond with a few
 of my pounds, though I may have thousands still
 left at my banker's. But it is only a joke, forsooth,
 to run away with my knocker and leave me without
a rap.

THOMAS HOOD.

DUCLOS defended the anti-revolutionary French
 government in all the mistakes they per-
 petrated by saying, "Without the ministry
we should have nothing left us to laugh at."

ON ART UNIONS.

THAT picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing ;
For surely lotteries encourage drawing.

THOMAS HOOD.

AGENTLEMAN who had been twice cut by
George Selwyn in town came up and
reminded him that they had been ac-
quainted at Bath. "I remember it very well,"
said Selwyn ; "and when we next meet at Bath,
I shall be happy to be acquainted with you again."

ADINNER was given in honour of Charles
Mathews (the second) previous to his
departure for America. With characteristic
modesty he took the chair himself on the occasion.
In proposing the toast of "the army and navy,"
the chairman observed, "I never joined the army,
though I have been in many a mess ; and if I
have never had any connection with the navy,
I can safely say that I have had a narrow escape
of getting into the Fleet."

MY old schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke;" and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters; but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed up all the rest. We often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship—upstrokes heavy and downstrokes light; but he did it in English round-hand, and, we used to think, with a very hard pen. Such was his love for flogging that for some failure in English composition, after being well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders—and on ours. There was but one tree in the playground—a birch; but it never had a twig or leaf upon it. Spring or summer, it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are incentives to learning; and certainly we never got through a page without cuts. For instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line—"Arma virumque cano."

An arm, a man, and a cane. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used to strike as industriously for nothing as other workmen strike for wages. Some of the elder boys, who had read Smollett, christened him Röderick, from his often hitting like Random and being so partial to Strap.

THOMAS HOOD.

WHEN Sheridan's connection with Drury Lane Theatre came to an end, Mr. Whitbread assumed the management thereof, and wielded the sceptre somewhat despotically. Sheridan foretold the future of the house in the following prophetic strain: "The noodles and the doodles will have their day, until some amorous tom-cat shall pour forth his tender strains in the deserted gallery to his lady-love kittening in the pit."

THOMAS HOOD thus addresses a one-legged sailor:—

Methinks, thou Naval History in one vol.,

A virtue shines e'en in that timber leg:

For, unlike others who desert their Poll,

Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg."

AGENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain lady before Foote, the latter said, "Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" was the counter-question. "Every right," replied Foote, "by the law of all nations—as the first discoverer."

ALADY newly arrived in Paris asked Fontenelle, "What is that 'Academic chair' that I have so often heard of?" He replied, "It is an easy couch for clever men to go to sleep on."

THE Scythians always ate their grandfathers. They behaved very respectfully to them for a long time; but as soon as their grandfathers became old and troublesome and began to tell long stories, they immediately ate them. Nothing could be more improper and even disrespectful than dining off such near and venerable relations, yet we could not with any propriety accuse them of bad taste in morals.

SYDNEY SMITH.

will have heavy feathers
 & fry their feet
 & roast them
 & pickles & rent

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE!"

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's
door.

So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
~~Like a spruce single man with a smart double~~
~~knock.~~

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
~~Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat ;~~
So Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the
door.

~~The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe :~~
~~For the moment will come when such comers must~~
~~go ;~~

So she kiss'd him and whispered—poor innocent
thing—

"The next time you come, love, pray come with a
ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

GARRICK was present when Woodward first played Sir John Brute in the "Provoked Wife." A few days afterwards Woodward asked him how he had liked it, adding, "I think I struck out *some* beauties in it."—"I think," said Garrick, "that you struck out *all* the beauties in it."

WE know the common story runs that Nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth. We do not believe it. We have seen a slack-wire dancer with the face of a great pious bard—a usurer with the legendary features of a Socrates—a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer—and a carcass-butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

QUIN, the actor, on first seeing Westminster Bridge, ejaculated, "Oh, that my mouth were the centre arch and that the river ran claret!"

ne. o. i. 5 7 2 4
 r. m. o. o. h

A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of men
The apple press'd with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant! X
THOMAS HOOD.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, hearing that a man of low family had married the daughter of a lady not renowned for her morality, remarked that "nobody's son had married everybody's daughter." XX

THOMAS HILL (the original of Poole's immortal "Paul Pry") was endeavouring one evening to cut up an orange in such a fashion as to represent a pig. After strewing the table with about a dozen peels, he gave up the futile experiment, saying, "Hang the pig! I can't make him at all."—"Nonsense, Hill," said Theodore Hook, pointing to the table; "you have done splendidly. Instead of a pig you have made a litter." ||

EPIGRAM.

THOUGHTLESS that "all that's brightest fades;"
 Unmindful of that knave of spades,
 The sexton and his subs ;
 How foolishly we play our parts !
 Our wives on diamonds set their hearts,
We set our hearts on clubs.

SYDNEY SMITH.

FOOTE, on his return from dining with a Lord
 of the Admiralty, was met by a friend
 who asked how he had enjoyed himself.
 "Very indifferently," grumbled he ; "bad company
 and a worse dinner." Said the other, "I wonder
 at that, for I thought the admiral was a jolly good
 fellow."—"As to that," answered Foote, "he may
 be a very good sea-lord, but I am sure he is a very
 bad landlord."

On another day, coming from the same noble-
 man's table, he cried, "Worse and worse ! Every-
 thing upon the table sour, except the vinegar—
 and that was sweet."

FRANK TALFOURD, who rejoiced in a stature of six feet and a couple of inches, was playfully challenged at the Savage Club one evening to raise his foot as high as the chandelier in the middle of the room. Lifting one of his extremities with rather too much vigour, he detached one of the glass globes, which fell to the ground and was smashed to atoms. Frank rang the bell instantly, and inquired of the responding waiter what was the amount of his bill. "Pray, sir, what have you taken?"—"Oh!" said Talfourd, pointing up to the bereaved chandelier, "only a glass of *that*."

WHEN Fontenelle was dying, his doctor asked, "Do you suffer?"—"No," said the philosopher, "I only feel some difficulty in existing."

WHEN somebody was praising Archibald Hamilton as a well-read man, Foote said that he could not see much of that about him, adding, "I grant you, he reads a great many proofs, but those are no proofs of his reading."

T
 HERE is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid short shake near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the shakus rusticus—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis; but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigour, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and, before you are aware, begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A
 FRIEND visiting Fontenelle one day, found him in a very bad humour, and asked him what was the matter. "The matter?" said Fontenelle; "why, though I have only one servant, I am as badly waited on as if I had twenty."

MRS. WOFFINGTON, on her return from Bath, was telling Quin how much she had been pleased with the place, and how much good it had been doing her. "And pray, madam," he inquired, "what made you go to Bath?"—"Mere wantonness," was the reply. "And pray, madam, did it cure you?"

WHEN Lord George Gordon asked Selwyn to choose him again for Ludgershall (where the latter's property lay), he replied that the electors would not have him. "Oh, yes; if you recommended me they would have me, if I came from the coast of Africa."—"That is according to what part of the coast you came from. They certainly would if you came from the Guinea coast."

A YOUNG poet came to Piron to read him a couple of newly written sonnets from his own pen, and ask him which he preferred. The moment the reading of the first was ended, Piron said hastily, "I prefer the other," and positively refused to listen to a line of it.

DOUGLAS JERROLD says, "Truth is like gold : a really wise man makes a little of it go a long way."

PHYSICAL Force, Moral Force, and the Police Force are all very powerful things ; and so is the Force of Habit. It killed a young gentleman last week at Spring Vale Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays : and, the very first walk he took, he split himself, poor fellow ! in trying to walk two and two.

THOMAS HOOD.

sardonic
IF once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing : and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

DE QUINCEY.

very
to use
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50

ON SIR JOHN BOWRING.

TO Bowring, man of many tongues,
(All over tongues, like Rumour,)
This tributary verse belongs
To paint his learned humour.

All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis,
From Latin down to Scottish ;
As fluent as a parrot is,
But far more Polly-glottish. ✕

No grammar too abstruse he meets,
However dark and verby ;
He gossips Greek about the streets
And often Russ—in urbe ;

Strange tongues, whate'er you do them call ;—
In short, the man is able
To tell you what's o'clock in all
✕ The dial-ects in Babel.

Take him on 'Change. Try Portuguese,
The Moorish and the Spanish,
Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,
The Swedish and the Danish.

Try him with these and fifty such,
 His skill will ne'er diminish ;
 Although you should begin in Dutch
 And end, like me, in *Finnish* !

THOMAS HOOD.

ON A BAD SINGER.

SWANS sing before they die. 'Twere no bad thing

Should certain persons ✓ die before they sing.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

EPIGRAM.

IF Rogers's "Italy" Luttrell relates X
 That it would have been dished—were it
not for the plates.

FOOTE, being asked at what age he thought
 female beauty began to decline, answered,
 "Woman is to be counted like a game
 at piquet: twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven,
twenty-eight, twenty-nine—sixty." X 24

NO!

O sun—no moon—

No morn—no noon—

No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—

No sky—no earthly view—

No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no t'other side the way—

No end to any Row—

No indications where the Crescents go—

No top to any steeple—

No recognitions of familiar people—

No courtesies for showing 'em—

No knowing 'em—

No travelling at all—no locomotion—

No inkling of the way—no notion—

No go—by land or ocean—

No mail—no post—

No news from any foreign coast—

No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—

No company—no nobility—

No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—

No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade—no shine—no butterflies nor bees—

No fruits—no flow'rs—no leaves—no birds—

No-vember!

THOMAS HOOD.

CHARLES LAMB, in a letter to his friend Patmore (then on a visit to Paris), gives him the following directions :—

“Do try and get some frogs. You must ask for ‘grenouilles’ (green eels). They don’t understand ‘frogs,’ though it’s a common phrase with us.

“If you go through Bulloign (Boulogne) inquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man now.

“If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I am in no hurry. Chattey Briant (Chateaubriant) is well, I hope.”

SOMEBODY asked Victor Hugo if he could write English poetry. “Certainly,” he replied, and forthwith delivered himself of the following :—

Pour chasser le spleen
J'entrai dans un inn ;
O, mais je bus le gin,
God save the Queen !

HOOD'S novel, "Tylney Hall," is opened by the incident of a traveller arriving at a country inn in a very sickly condition. Ultimately he dies there; but meanwhile the village doctor has despatched his boy for some pills, which are to exercise a wonderfully beneficial effect on the sufferer. The boy, however, lingers to play at marbles, and returns too late, upon which the angry landlady thrashes the culprit soundly, raving all the time against the pernicious practice of "allowing poor gentlemen to go to Heaven with out their pills."

"**C**HARITY? I hate its very name. It is a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others?"

THOMAS HOOD.

WHEN Chamfort—one of the wittiest beings that ever existed, even in Paris—was elected a member of the Académie, Rivarol—as witty a being—said, "It is a lily of the valley grafted on a field of poppies."

ONE day Mr. Rogers took Thomas Moore and Sydney Smith home in his carriage from breakfast, and insisted on showing them by the way Dryden's house in some obscure street. It was very wet: the house looked very much like other old houses, and, having thin shoes on, they both strongly remonstrated; but in vain. Rogers got out himself and stood expecting them to do likewise; but Sydney Smith, laughing and leaning out of the window, exclaimed, "Oh, you see why Rogers don't mind getting out: he has got goloshes on. But, my dear Rogers, lend us each a golosh: and we will then each stand upon one leg and admire as long as you please."

SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, being engaged in the conduct of a case, objected to the irregularity of a learned serjeant who repeatedly put leading questions in examining his witnesses. "I have a right," maintained the serjeant doggedly, "to deal with my witnesses as I please."—"To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you shan't lead."

THEOPHILUS CIBBER showed Quin a very bad play he had written, and asked his opinion.

Quin advised him not to have it produced during his life. "Why not?" asked the astonished author. "Because, directly you are dead," answered Quin, "you and your play may be d—d together." X

JUST before the first French Revolution, some aristocrat was insisting, in the presence of Chamfort, that the nobility must be considered as the mediator between king and people. "Exactly," suggested Chamfort, "as the hound is mediator between hare and huntsman." X 20 4

IN the removal of a distinguished counsel from a house in Red Lion Square, an ironmonger became its occupant, and Erskine wrote the following epigram on the change:—

"This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's—alas!
How rapidly the iron age
Succeeds the age of brass!"

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING
FORTY-SEVEN.

(DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.)

WHEN I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There's cook a-calling John!

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks;
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks!

All human days have settled terms;
Our fates we cannot force.
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They've come to lunch, of course.

54 And, when my body's turned to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh, let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell!

THOMAS HOOD.

“**W**HEN I began,” says Sydney Smith, “to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation.”

WHEN it was proposed in Parliament to increase the judges' salaries, and the motion was carried by 169 to 39, Charles Townshend said that “the Book of Judges had been saved by the Book of Numbers.”

THE green-room is the bower where fairies put off their wings and goddesses become dowdies—where Lady Macbeth weeps over her lap-dog's indigestion, and Belvidera groans over the amount of her last milliner's bill. In a word, the green-room is the place where actors and actresses become mere men and women, and the name is no doubt derived from the general character of its unprofessional visitors.

“Masks and Faces.”

BALLAD.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
 Von Schwillensau fenstein
 Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
 Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meermaid,
~~Vot hadn't got nodings on ;~~
 Und she say, " Oh, Ritter Hugo,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone ? "

And he says, " I rides in de greenwood,
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer
 Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
 Und dere I trinks some beer ! "

Und den outshpoke de maiden
~~Vot hadn't got nodings on ;~~
 " I ton't dink mooch of beoples
 Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

" You'd petter coom down in de wasser
~~Vere dere's heaps of dings to see ;~~
 Und hafe a shplendid tinner,
 Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin'
Und you catches dem efery one ;"
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
To shimmerin' crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons and vatches !
Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down und full your bockets,
Und I giss you like efery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager ?
Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !"

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell-pound ;
She pooled his coat-tails down ;
She drew him oonder der wasser—
De maiden mit nodings on.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

to . poetry " r e z
a . (h j u s -
e the

NAPOLEON THE THIRD, when an exile in London, was always a welcome guest of Lady Blessington's, at Gore House. Very soon after his return to Paris, while his political prospects were still rather doubtful, her ladyship paid a visit to that capital, and met Napoleon driving in the Bois de Boulogne. The encounter was embarrassing, for the future Emperor of the French had shown himself anything but grateful for her ladyship's courtesy. He saluted her, however, with forced politeness, and inquired, "Countess, shall you stay long in Paris?"—"I really cannot say," answered Lady Blessington, with a bewitching smile; "and you?"

WE never see a young lady surrounded by eight or ten bachelors take off her gloves and seat herself at the piano but we shudder from an association of ideas;—yes, we instantly think of the infernal machine. Who knows how many men may be killed dead on the spot by the first crash?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BARON ALDERSON and Lord Campbell differed at a dinner table about the pronunciation of Captain Dalgetty's name in Scott's "Legend of Montrose." The latter put the accent on the first syllable, on which Alderson remarked, "I thought that you Scotchmen always laid the emphasis on *get*."

DURING Theodore Hook's confinement in a sponging-house after his return from the Mauritius, he was visited by one of his old and faithful friends. Astonished by the comparative spaciousness of the apartment, the latter observed, by way of consolation, "Really, Hook, you are not so badly lodged, after all. This is a cheerful room enough!"—"Oh yes," returned Theodore, pointing significantly to the iron defences outside; "remarkably so—barring the windows."

SYDNEY SMITH, speaking of his being sham-pooed at Mahomed's baths in Brighton, said that they "squeezed enough out of him to make a lean curate."

Handwritten notes:
 1. 26: 4 (2) 16
 2. 16

SONG.

AIR.—“*The Days when we went Gipsying.*”

H, the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago—

Were certainly the jolliest a man could
ever know!

We drank champagne from glasses long, and hock
from goblets green,

And nothing like a cup of tea was ever to be seen.

All night we passed the wine, nor dreamed of
hyson or pekoe,

In the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.

Oh, those were days of bumper toasts or salt-and-
water fine,

Broiled bones and devil'd biscuits, three times three X
and nine times nine!

When underneath your table you were bound your
guest to land,

And no man rose to go till he was sure he could X
not stand.

Tea-totallers we'd none to preach 'gainst brandy or
Bordeaux,

In the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.

How changed, alas! the fashion now—to booze
you've scarce begun,

When clatt'ring comes the coffee-tray and all your
drinking's done;

Or John informs the gentlemen "he's taken up the
tea."

And 'twould be voted vulgar quite if drunk a man
should be.

A plague upon such sober times—I often sigh
"Heigho!

For the days that we got tipsy in—a long time
ago."

J. R. PLANCHÉ.



SCURRILOUS author came to ask a favour
of Fontenelle, and prefaced the petition
by confessing that he had once abused
him in a pamphlet. For this he was expressing
his contrition when Fontenelle interrupted him
with, "Make your mind easy, sir; but for yourself
I should never have heard about it."



WORD ERSKINE said, on hearing of some man
who died immensely rich, "A fine sum to
begin the other world with."

WHEN Lord Eldon and Sir Arthur Pigott each made a stand in court for his favourite pronunciation of the word "lien"—Lord Eldon calling the word lion, and Sir Arthur maintaining that it was to be pronounced like lean—Jekyll, with an allusion to the parsimonious arrangements of the Chancellor's kitchen, perpetrated this *jeu d'esprit*:—

93
"Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, pray what do you mean
By saying the Chancellor's lion is lean?
D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that,
That nothing within it can ever get fat?"

HORACE WALPOLE writes of George Selwyn, whose *penchant* for everything connected with public executions was notorious:—
"He came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal!"

SELF-DEFENCE is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it. XX

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

PROBABLY the wittiest thing that appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" was a burlesque on the sentimental German drama, entitled "The Rovers; or, the Double Arrangement." It is the joint production of George Canning and Hookham Frere. The temptation to give some extracts from it is irresistible,

At the commencement of the play we behold Matilda, seated in the dining-room of an inn at Weimar. While awaiting dinner she soliloquizes thus:—"Oh Casimere! How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation. What a difference, alas! Dinner! It is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not. It returns again with the return of appetite. The Beef of to-morrow will succeed to the Mutton of to-day, as the Mutton of to-day succeeded to the Veal of yesterday. But, when once the Heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish! Love only—dear, delusive, delightful Love—restrains our wandering appetites and confines them to a particular gratification."

This chain of thought is interrupted by the entrance of Cecilia, just arrived by post-waggon. After a few sentences, that lady and Matilda become convinced that they were made for each other's society :—

Cec. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. (aside). Thank Heaven, I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own! *(To Cec.)* Yes, I understand you. The first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded Harp——

Cec. The dawn of Life—when this blossom *(putting her hand upon her heart)* first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love!

Mat. Yes; the time, the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Mat. And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit. My heart was withered—but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together.

Hereupon they embrace “with rapidity and earnestness,” and go off, after their sympathy has become intensified by the mutual discovery that each has been forsaken by her lover. Dinner is then produced, and at this moment the post-horn blows and Casimere enters. The scene abruptly changes to a subterranean vault. (*Toads and other loathsome reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage. Rogero appears in chains, in a suit of rusty armour, with his beard grown and a cap of grotesque form upon his head.*)

Rogero soliloquizes, partly to the following effect:—“Here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing-cradle of Hell—the suburbs of Perdition—in a nest of Demons—where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of Hope—where Agony woos the embraces of Death—where Patience, beside the bottomless pool of Despondency, sits angling for Impossibilities;—

yet, even here, to behold her, to embrace her! Yes, Matilda! whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me. Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads, while Fiends would envy the eternity of suffering Love! Soft! What air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again?—(*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind. It is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often soothed the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar."

SONG BY ROGERO.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

(*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes. Gazing tenderly at it he proceeds :*)

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love set knotting in ;—
Alas ! Matilda then was true,—
At least, I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

*(At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains
in cadence.)*

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift ye flew,
Her neat post-waggon trotting in—
Ye bore Matilda from my view.
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form ! This pallid hue !
This blood my veins is clotting in.
My years are many ; they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet—sweet Matilda Pottingen !

Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
 —tor, Law Professor at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

Sun—Moon—and thou, vain World, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in.
 Here doomed to starve on water gru—
 —el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen!
 —niversity of Gottingen!

(During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.)

In the second act we are introduced, in an ordinary lodging-house at Weimar, to “Pudding-field and Beefington,” a couple of English noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country. Young Pottingen, brother of Matilda, is *(at another table in the corner of the room, with a pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon*

mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head and casting his eyes towards the firmament. At the last trial he holds the mug for some moments in a directly inverted position. Then he replaces it on the table with an air of dejection and gradually sinks into a profound slumber. The pipe falls from his hand and is broken.)

During a game at all-fours Beefington thus bewails his condition: "Pooh! Hang all-fours! What are they to a mind ill at ease? Can they cure the heart-ache? Can they soothe banishment? Can they lighten ignominy? Can all-fours do this? Oh, my Puddingfield! thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—oh! mine——!"
(Falls into an agony and sinks back in his chair.)

Pottingen, awakened by the noise, joins them and explains his own troubles:—"Oppressed by the tyranny of an abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a loathsome captivity. . . Comrades, your counsel! My search fruitless, my money gone, my baggage stolen! What am I to do? In yonder abbey—in those dark dank vaults—there,

my friends, there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart."

An English newspaper is now brought in, containing the intelligence that Magna Charta has just been signed and Lord Bacon made Chancellor. On the anxiety of the two banished friends to return the scene comes to an end.

The third act, containing the *éclaircissements* and final arrangement between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia, is not inserted in the "Anti-Jacobin;" and the fourth (and last) has the inn-door for its opening scene. A *diligence* is drawn up. Beefington and Puddingfield are hurrying their departure for England, when Casimere implores their assistance in the rescue of Rogero. They assent, and the three are then joined by the waiter of the inn, a troubadour, and an Austrian and Prussian grenadier.

Waiter. But hist! we are observed.

Troub. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE (*accompanied*).

Cas. Hist, hist! nor let the airs that blow

From Night's cold lungs our purpose know.

Pud. Let Silence, mother of the dumb,

Beef. Press on each lip her palsied thumb.

Wait. Let Privacy, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—

Gren. and Troub. And Conscience start, when she
shall view

The mighty deed we mean to do.

CHORUS, *allegro allegretto.*

All. Let us fly, let us fly ;
Let us help ere he die.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The scene changes to the abbey-gate, and the assault takes place. (*A body of choristers and lay-brothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back and the verger killed.*) The besiegers are victorious, and the curtain falls as they are dispersing in search of Rogero.

THEODORE HOOK, seeing one day a very
pompous and self-satisfied old gentleman
strutting along on the opposite side of the
street, crossed over, took off his hat most politely,
and asked this almost unanswerable question :—" I
beg your pardon, sir—excuse the boldness of the
inquiry—but are you anybody in particular ?"

MY dear sir," observed Jekyll one day to a judge who was alike notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness; "you have asked the minister for almost everything else—why *don't* you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

SOME French military coxcomb remarked to Talleyrand, "Nous appelons *péquin* tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." Talleyrand answered, "Et nous, nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas *civil*."

THE well-known "Conversation Sharpe" was at one period of his life a hatter. Somebody was trying to account for his very dark complexion by suggesting that the dye of his old trade had got engrained into his face. "Yes," said Luttrell; "darkness that may be felt."

THEODORE HOOK defined Beauty as "all my eye."

SYDNEY SMITH, doubting the practicability of introducing trial by jury into New South Wales, imagines a few of the excuses that might be made by any one summoned as a juror. "I cannot come to serve upon the jury:—The waters of the Hawksbury are out and I have a mile to swim. The kangaroos will break into my corn. The convicts have robbed me. My little boy has been bitten by an *ornithorynchus paradoxus*. I have sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches for the assizes, and he is not returned."

SHERIDAN, while staying at the country house of a friend, was one morning asked by a lady visitor to take her out for a walk. The lady was neither witty nor beautiful, and the author of the "School for Scandal" was at a loss for an excuse, until he luckily discovered and announced the fact that it was raining. His disappointed persecutress retired, but shortly came back to announce that the weather had cleared up. "So it has, madam," said Sheridan, driven to despair; "but it has only cleared up enough for one—not enough for two."

SOMEBODY told Curran, during his last illness, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than on the previous day. "Do I?" said Curran; "that's odd enough. I've been practising all night."

NORTHCOTE, the painter, being asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, answered, "I don't know him."—"Oh, but his Royal Highness says he is acquainted with you."—"Does he? Ah, that's only his brag!"

LORD BYRON was asked in the Drury Lane green-room whether he did not think Miss Kelly's acting in the "Maid and the Magpie" exceedingly natural. "I really am no judge," replied his lordship; "I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon."

WHEN Montroud was lying ill he said to Talleyrand, "Ah, my friend, I feel the torments of h—l!"—"What, already?" was Talleyrand's comforting remark.

SOMEBODY observed to the younger Charles Mathews that blind persons generally appear pretty contented, and wound up the remark by asking, "How *can* the blind be happy?" — "I suppose," replied Charles, "they see no reason why they shouldn't."

WHEN the King of Portugal was in England, Queen Victoria presented Sir Edwin Landseer to his majesty, as the painter whose works she had been collecting. "Ah, Sir Edwin!" exclaimed the king, "delighted to make your acquaintance. I was always very fond of beasts."

THERE is a New Zealand attorney just arrived in London with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face.

SYDNEY SMITH.

DURING the trial of Warren Hastings, Charles Fox, in allusion to Lord Thurlow's solemn appearance, whispered to the Speaker, "I wonder whether any one ever *was* as wise as Thurlow *looks*!"

"**M**AY I help you to some beef, Mr. Brummell?" asked the master of the house.

"No, I thank you," replied the famous dandy; "I never eat beef—nor horse—nor anything of that kind."

CURRAN was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue.

"I suppose," explained Curran, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

THE illustrious Göethe was not particularly fond of music. Once, at a Court concert in Weimar, when a pianist was in the middle of a very long sonata, the poet suddenly rose up and, to the horror of the assembled ladies and gentlemen, exclaimed, "If it lasts three minutes longer I shall confess everything."

BUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MADAME DE STAEL hath published an Essay against Suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself;—as a sermon by Blenkinsop, in proof of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist.

BYRON'S LETTERS.

“**I** CANNOT exactly see the scope of your argument,” said a gentleman who had been disputing with Dr. Parr. “Then, sir,” said the doctor, “I can only say that you possess the dulness of lead without its malleability.”

SOMEBODY maintained in the presence of Canning that poverty was a virtue. The minister observed, “That is literally making a virtue of necessity.”

X 24

THERE is a kind of compliment that comes upon a man like a cannon-ball; it leaves him no head to acknowledge it.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

34 **L**UTTRELL was once asked whether a certain acquaintance of his was not always very disagreeable. "Well," said he, "he is always as disagreeable as the circumstances will permit."

SHERIDAN, reproving his promising son Tom on the irregular life he was leading, ended by saying, "My dear Tom, really it is time for you to take a wife."—"With all my heart," replied the dutiful son; "whose wife shall I take?"

ACERTAIN barrister named Jones, who practised in Brougham's time, contracted a habit of commencing the examination of a witness with these words:—"Now, sir, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it." Brougham had begun, like many others, to grow tired of this eternal formula. One morning he met his brother lawyer near the Temple, and addressed him thus, "Now, Jones, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it.—How do you do?"

ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

WHEN Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourned in silence and was Di Do X
Dum.

THEODORE HOOK.

LUTTRELL wrote the following epitaph on a
man who was run over by an omnibus :—

Killed by an omnibus—why not?

So quick a death a boon is. —

Let not his friends lament his lot.—

Mors omnibus communis.

60 cheap
frivolity

SYDNEY SMITH was one day asked if a certain
bishop of his acquaintance was going to
be married. "Perhaps he may," said
Sydney; "and yet, how can a bishop marry?
How can he ~~flirt~~? The most he can say is, 'I
will see you in the vestry after service.'" X

EKYLL said that the farther he went West,
the more convinced he felt that the wise
men did not come from the East. ||

24

SOME friend of Charles Lamb's was declaiming to him against what is called mock-modesty. "Well," stammered the listener, "there is no mock-modesty about you—nor real either!"

WHEN Plunket was driven to resign the Irish Chancellorship he was succeeded by Lord Campbell. The day of the latter's arrival was very stormy, and a friend remarked to Plunket how sick of his promotion the passage must have made the new-comer. "Yes," he replied ruefully; "but it won't make him throw up the seals."

"**P**ERHAPS," writes Byron in a letter, "you have heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air' called reason. The watchman found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible. "Who are *you*, sir?" No answer. "What's your name?" A hiccup. "What's your name?" Answer—in a slow, deliberate, and impressive tone—"WILBER-FORCE."

A GENTLEMAN was boasting to Lord Norbury that he had lately shot as many as thirty-three hares before breakfast. "Then, sir," was the judge's remark, "you must have been firing at a wig."

THE ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a gravedigger— or even a hangman— there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A TALKATIVE author, after babbling about his piece to Sheridan for some time, said, "I fear, sir, that I have been intruding on your attention."—"Oh dear no," answered Sheridan, "I've not been listening."

SOME one remarked to Plunket, "Well, you see that —'s predictions have come true."—"Indeed!" said Plunket; "I always knew he was a bore, but I never thought he was an augur."

"**T**HE French," writes Sydney Smith, "certainly understand the art of furnishing better than we do; the profusion of looking-glass in their rooms gives such gaiety. I remember entering a room with glass all round it at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted, of course."

"**W**ORDSWORTH says he could write as well as Shakespeare, if he had a mind. So you see it wants nothing but the mind."

LAMB'S "LETTERS."

DOGMATISM is puppyism come to its full growth.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LORD BYRON, writing about a lady of whom he had no reason to think well, and whose disposition was not the most amiable in the world, says, "Lady — has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

AN attendant, in the course of Mathews's last illness, gave him by mistake some ink instead of a dose of medicine. "Never mind," said Mathews, on the discovery of the accident; "you have only to let me swallow a sheet of blotting-paper."

WHEN Theodore Hook was arrested and sent home from the Mauritius, he met Lord Charles Somerset in the course of the voyage. Lord Charles, who had seen him in London occasionally, and knew nothing of his arrest, said, "I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook."—"Why," said Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there is *something wrong in the chest.*"

MR. SALTER, the painter of the "Waterloo Banquet" picture, was bold enough to ask the Duke of Wellington "whether it was not true that he had been surprised at Waterloo?"—"No, sir," said his grace, "*I have never been surprised until now!*"

“**D**O you call that kindness?” somebody asked Jerrold; “for a man to go away from his family and never send them a farthing?”

—“Yes,” Jerrold answered; “unremitting kindness.”

EURRAN, hearing that a stingy and slovenly barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea, observed, “He’ll not change either till he comes back.”

JERROLD made the following brief anticipatory epitaph on Charles Knight, a most amiable man and industrious historian:—“Good Knight!”

NOW many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!

O. WENDELL HOLMES.

“**H**EAR,” said one of Douglas Jerrold’s friends to him, in an injured tone, “that you said my last book was the worst I ever wrote.”—“Indeed I didn’t; I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.”

2406

ACITY policeman before Judge Maule said he was in the *hen* (N) division. "Do you mean in the Poultry?" asked the judge. X

MOOD says that "a Quaker loves the ocean for its broad brim." X

HONEST bread is very well; it's the butter that makes the temptation. X

JERROLD.

IT was one day reported in the Parliament House at Edinburgh that a gentleman who was known to have an insatiable appetite had actually eaten away his senses. "Pooh!" said Henry Erskine, "they would not be a mouthful to him." X

SERGEANT K—, having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day."—"Inoculated, brother?" said Erskine, "I thought you had it in the natural way." X

SYDNEY SMITH writes concerning a certain dean, "Oh, the Dean of — deserves to be preached to death by wild curates."

LORD CLARE one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and began to caress the animal while Curran was addressing the court. Of course, the latter stopped. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said his lordship. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord," returned the advocate; "I really thought your lordship was employed in consultation."

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,

Let him combat for that of his neighbours.
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,

And get knocked on the head for his labours.
To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited.

Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And—if not shot or hanged—you'll get knighted.

BYRON.

QF a well-known actress, who in later life wore a good deal of rouge and powder, Jerrold observed, "She should have a hoop about her with a notice, 'Beware of the Paint.'"

A SHALLOW smatterer once tauntingly asked Dr. Parr why he did not write a book. "Sir," said the doctor, "I know how I could soon write a very large book."—"How so?"—"Why, sir, by putting in all that I know, and all that you do not know."

THE Duke of B——, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglinton tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself on the ground of an attack of the gout. "How," said he, "could I ever get my poor puffed feet into those abominable iron boots?"—"It will be quite as appropriate," replied Hook, "if your grace goes in your list shoes."

LUTTRELL used to say of somebody's face that it always reminded him of boiled mutton and near relations.

1662 mutton beef
- 1750 1750

1600-5
 12
 11

"**I**T is a great proof of shyness to crumble your bread at dinner. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

SYDNEY SMITH.

IN the famous "Burgess's Anchovy Case" the two sons of the inventor were the litigants.

The brother who succeeded to the business complained that the other was nevertheless vending "Burgess's Sauce." Sir J. Knight Bruce, the vice-chancellor, began to sum up as follows—"All the Queen's subjects are entitled to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them. All the Queen's subjects are entitled to use their own names, and not the less so that their fathers have done it before them."

LORD WESTMORELAND, a wag of the Regency day, was in Paris during its occupation by the allies. He translated the common phrase, "I would if I could, but I can't," as follows—"Je voudrais si je coudrais, mais je ne cannaïs pas."

WHEN Maret received, under the Empire, the title of Duc de Bassano, Talleyrand said, "I don't know a greater fool in the world than Monsieur Maret, except the Duke of Bassano."

ON one of the pantomime nights at the Surrey the harlequin, jumping through a window, fell with considerable violence, owing to the carpenter not having placed the wadded bedding to receive him. He uttered a loud scream, though not much hurt. Elliston, being told of it, remarked, "There was much cry and little wool."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, alluding to the amount of a tailor's bill on fitting out his eldest son as a cavalry officer, said, "They say it takes *nine* tailors to make a man. Apparently *one* is sufficient to ruin him."

BROUGHAM, speaking of the salary attached to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. "Maybe," said Lord Lyndhurst; "but I've a notion that, moonshine or not, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

LORD ALVANLEY, after his duel with young O'Connell, gave a guinea to the coachman who had driven him to and from the scene of the encounter. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, "My lord, I only took you to —" Alvanley interrupted him with, "My friend, the guinea is for bringing me back, not for taking me."

SIR GEORGE ROSE, walking up Gower Street one day, was hailed by Jack Bannister (then an old man) from the opposite side. "Stop a moment, Sir George, and I'll come over to you."—"No," replied Rose; "I never made you cross yet, and I'll not begin now." On his return home he wrote and sent to Bannister these lines:—

With seventy years upon his back,
Still is my honest friend "young Jack,"
Nor spirits check'd, nor fancy slack,
But fresh as any daisy.

Though Time has knocked his stumps about,
He cannot bowl his temper out:
And all the Bannister is stout,
Although the steps be crazy.

SYDNEY SMITH, in an "Edinburgh Review" essay dated 1820, thus describes the fearful extent to which taxation had then spread—"The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid 7 per cent. into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

THEODORE HOOK, about to be proposed a member of the Phoenix Club, asked when they met. "Every Saturday evening during the winter."—"Evening? Oh, then, I shall never make a Phoenix, for I can't rise from the fire."

AN acquaintance, disputing with Porson, got the worst of the argument and lost his temper. "Professor," said he, "my opinion of you is most contemptible."—"Sir," returned the great Grecian, "I never met with any of your opinions that was *not* contemptible."

ACERTAIN Viscount was detected trying to cheat at cards, and turned out of the house with a threat that next time he came he should be thrown out of the window. He related his misfortune and protested his innocence to Talleyrand, asking him also for advice. "Well, my friend, I advise you never to play in future except on the ground floor."

ABARRISTER entered court one morning with his wig stuck on one side. Unconscious of the absurdity of his appearance, and surprised at the observations made upon it, he at length asked Curran, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig, Mr. Curran?"—"Nothing except the head," was the consolatory answer.

A SCOTCH gentleman named Leitch was introduced to Douglas Jerrold, and thought it necessary to explain that he was not John Leech, the caricaturist. "I know that," said Jerrold; "you are the Scotchman with the i-t-c-h in your name." X

"**T**HE advice," says Sydney Smith, "that I sent to the Bishop of New Zealand, when he had to receive the cannibal chiefs there, was to say to them, 'I deeply regret, sirs, to have nothing on my table suitable to your taste, but you will find plenty of cold curate and roasted clergyman on the sideboard.' And if, in spite of this prudent provision, his visitors should end their repast by eating him likewise, why—I could only add that I sincerely hoped he would disagree with them."

A CERTAIN councillor at the Irish bar was notorious for the dinginess of his linen.

"My dear fellow," said Curran one day to him, "you can't imagine how puzzled we are to find out where you buy all your dirty shirts."

A POEM called "The Ark" was the topic of conversation in Canning's presence. Some critic thought it strange that the author, in describing the order in which the animals entered the ark, should make the elephant go in *last*. "Oh!" said Canning, "that's easily accounted for. The elephant stayed behind to pack up his trunk."

SOME friend warned Sheridan that the quantity of brandy he drank would destroy the coat of his stomach. He answered, "Well, then, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."

THE star I was born under tells me to look up. If we didn't come into this world to better ourselves, we might as well have stayed where we were.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

JAMES SMITH asserted that Mdlle. Mars was not the real name of the famous French actress, but only a *nom de guerre*. 54

A POLITICAL DESPATCH.

IN matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

With equal advantage the French are
content,

So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent. *X*

Twenty per cent.—

Twenty per cent.—

Nous frapperons Falck* with a twenty per cent. *X*

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

EPIGRAM.

IT seems as if Nature had curiously planned
That our names with our trades should
agree.

There's Twining, the Tea-Man, who lives in the
Strand,

Would be whining if robbed of his T.

THEODORE HOOK.

* Mr. Falck, the Dutch minister, having in 1826 made a proposition by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, this despatch was actually sent to our ambassador at the Hague, and soon afterwards an Order in Council put into effect the intention announced therein.

THEODORE HOOK was once maintaining that the blood is not originally red, but acquires that colour in its progress. "Pray, sir," inquired his opponent, "in what stage *does* the blood turn red?"—"Why, sir, in the Reading stage, I presume," replied Theodore.

SOMEBODY was telling Jekyll that he had been in Lord Kenyon's kitchen and had noticed the spit was as bright as though it were never made use of. "Why mention his spit?" asked Jekyll. "You must know that nothing turns upon that."

"**M**Y client," said an Irish advocate, pleading before Lord Norbury in an action for trespass, "is a poor man. He lives in a hovel, and his miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state; but, thank God! the labourer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is his sanctuary and his castle. Yes—the winds may enter it, and the rain may enter it, but the king cannot enter it."—"What, not the reigning king?" inquired his lordship.

SYDNEY SMITH formed one of a group engaged in the inspection of a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend. A child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell of the animal. "Why are you doing that?" said Sydney. "To please the turtle."—"Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of Saint Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

"**T**AKING them one with another," said Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts."

AN artful juryman, addressing the clerk of the court while the latter was administering the oath, said, "Speak up; I cannot hear what you say."—"Stop," said Baron Alderson from the bench; "are you deaf?"—"Yes, my lord, of one ear."—"Then you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

GILBERT A'BECKETT celebrated his elevation to the office of magistrate at the Greenwich Police-court by a characteristic pun. A gentleman came before him to prefer a charge of robbery with violence, committed in the middle of the night. In stating his case he mentioned that the assault occurred while he was returning home from an evening party. The worthy magistrate interrupted him by observing, "Really sir, I cannot make up my mind to accept anything like an *ex parte* statement."

SYDNEY SMITH said of Talleyrand's conversation, "It was an abuse of terms to call it talking at all, for he had no teeth and, I believe, no roof to his mouth—no uvula—no larynx—no trachea—no epiglottis—no anything. It was not talking, it was gurgling."

SOMEBODY was telling Jekyll that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. "Ah!" was Jekyll's remark; "floating on his own watery bier."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY asked a young clergyman whom he was examining to explain the difference between a form and a ceremony. Various answers were given, none of them satisfactory. "Well," said the archbishop, "the difference lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

THE physician who attended George Colman in his last illness paid one day a later visit than usual, and explained it by saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" faintly inquired the patient.

WHEN Jerrold heard the Park guns announcing the birth of a Prince, he observed, "Oh, how they do powder those babies!"

THEODORE HOOK was walking with a friend when the latter pointed out an unfinished inscription on a wall, running thus: "WARREN'S B——"—"'Tis lacking that should follow," explained Hook.

EPIGRAM.

AT Brompton I, when winter reigns,
 Great-coated quaff my wine:—
 But when red Phœbus tans the plains,
 I under canvas dine—
 My glass I to each season shape,
 Nor keep, in either, Lent:—
 My drink when winter frowns is Cape, X
 My summer beverage Tent.

JAMES SMITH.

CHARLES MATHEWS, perched impatiently on
 a coach-box one frosty day, said to the
 driver, when that functionary at last made
 his appearance, "If we stand here much longer,
 Mr. Coachman, your horses will be like Captain
 Parry's ships."—"How's that, sir?"—"Why, frozen
 at the pole."

IF you masthead a sailor for not doing his
duty, why should you not weathercock a
parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE FAT SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown
place,

Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full
in the face ;

Some are good and let dearly, while others ('tis
known)

Are so dear and so bad they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and
lonely,

Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;

But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,

Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

Will entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,

But all the night long he felt fevered and heated,

Though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,

He wasn't by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night was the same, and the next, and the
next ;

He perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vext,

Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,

His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,

His skin like a lady's loose gown hung about him,
So he sent for a doctor and cried, like a ninny,

"I've lost many pounds—make me well; here's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise. "A slow fever," he said;
And prescribed sudorifics on going to bed.

"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs;
I've enough of them here without paying for drugs."

Will kicked out the doctor, but—when ill indeed—
E'en dismissing a doctor don't always succeed:
So he sent for his host and said, "Sir, do you know

I'm that fat single gentleman six months ago!"

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,

"That with honest intentions you first took me in;
But since the first night, though to say it seems bold,

I've been so plaguy hot that I'm sure I've caught cold."

Quoth the landlord, "Till now I ne'er had a dispute;

I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot.

As for airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;

And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"Your oven!" cries Will. Says the host in a passion,

"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his room. Said mine host, with a sneer,

"Well, I see you've been going away this half-year."

"Although we must part, yet no quarrel," Will said,

"But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread!"

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

TO AN IRISH BOOKSELLER.



ESUVIUS and you should be bound in a yoke:
Both craters are sending out volumes of
smoke.

JAMES SMITH.



NEVER in my life committed more than one
act of folly," said Rulhière one day in the
presence of Talleyrand. "But when will
it end?" inquired the latter.



HOW much of what is thought by idle people
fame is really sought for as the representa-
tive of so many legs of mutton! We may
make Fame an angelic creature on the tombs of
poets, but how often do bards invoke her as a
bouncing landlady!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



SYDNEY SMITH, when advised by his doctor
to take a walk upon an empty stomach,
inquired, "Upon whose?"

WHEN Charles Mathews (the younger) was travelling in Italy with the Blessingtons, he was told that a person generally disliked was supposed to have caught the small-pox. "That's bad," remarked Charles, "but there is at least one consolation. He is sure not to be pitted." X

LUTTRELL'S epigram on Miss Mary Tree, the singer, is very happy :—

On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
This Tree will return it as good as it brings.

WHEN Charles Lamb was a clerk in the India House, he was one day rebuked by a superior, who said, "I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you always come to the office very late."—"That's true," answered Elia; "but you must remember that I always go away very early." Of course, such an explanation was more than enough. X

LUTTRELL used to say, "I hate the sight of monkeys, they remind me so of poor relations." X

MOORE'S "DIARY."

NOBODY was more bitterly witty than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began—"My lord, my unfortunate client—my lord, my unfortunate client—my lord—"—"Go on, sir, go on," said Lord Ellenborough; "as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the court is entirely with you."

"**I**T's a most extraordinary thing," said a friend one day to T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, "that old So-and-so talked for half-an-hour to me the other day, and I couldn't understand a word that he said."—"How's that?" inquired Robertson. "Well, all his teeth are gone, you know, so that he only mumbles. I assure you, it was all Greek to *me*."—"Greek? Nonsense. If the man has lost all his teeth, he was probably talking Gum-Arabic."

AN importunate tradesman had the temerity to call upon Talleyrand and inquire when his bill was to be settled. "You are extremely curious, sir," was the satisfactory reply.

SOME of Sydney Smith's friends were examining some new flowers in his garden at Combe Florey, when a beautiful girl of the party exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection."—"Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

IN Jerrold's comedy, "Bubbles at the Day," the dialogue is interrupted by a violent knocking at the door. "That's Malmsey Shark!"—(a money-lender)—exclaims one of the characters. "How do you know?" inquires another. "From this fact—no metal ever falls into his hands that he doesn't make the most of."

WHEN Lord Ellenborough was trying one of the Government cases against Horne Tooke, he found occasion to praise the impartial manner in which justice is administered. "In England, Mr. Tooke, the law is open to all men, rich or poor."—"Yes, my lord," answered the prisoner, "and so is the London Tavern."

COLOGNE.

IN Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fang'd with murderous
 stones,
 And rags and hags and hideous wenches,
 I counted two-and-seventy stenches ;—
 All well-defined and several stinks !
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks—
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

in 1 serv

THE sloth in its wild state spends its life in
 trees and never leaves them but from force
 or accident. The eagle to the sky, the
 mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree ; but
 what is most extraordinary, he lives not upon the
 branches but under them. He moves suspended,
rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his
life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly
related to a bishop.

SYDNEY SMITH.

serv E by at 7 2 10
 - Curate : Curate 7-7 29
 L : 10 7

QUATRAIN.

COME, Sleep ! but, mind ye, if ye come without
The little girl that struck me at the rout,
By Jove ! I would not give you half-a-
crown
For all your poppy-heads and all your down. *N*

WALTER S. LANDOR.

MR. OLIVER W. HOLMES, in his "Professor at the
Breakfast-Table," defines a stethoscope as
"a pocket-spyglass for looking into people's
chests with your ears." *X*

THEODORE HOOK said to somebody with whom
a bibliopolist dined one day and got
exceedingly drunk, "Why, you appear to
me to have emptied your wine-cellar into your
bookseller." *X*

VALLEYRAND, being pestered by a squinting
man with questions concerning his broken
leg, at last said, "It is quite crooked—as
you see."

ON MACLISE'S PORTRAIT
OF MACREADY AS "MACBETH."



MACLISE'S "Macready's Macbeth"

As a picture defies all attacks;

Yet, uniting these three in a breath,

X It is only a view of *Al-macks*.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE LOGIC.

The Disconsolate.



MY heart will break—I'm sure it will.

My lover, yes, my favourite—he

Who seemed my own through good and
ill—

Has basely turned his back on me.

The Comforter.

Ah! silly sorrower, weep no more.

Your lover's turned his back, we see;

But you had turned his head before,

So now he's as he ought to be.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'**I** WAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite—
In a singular minor key—

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

“ At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

Then he gave a twitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen yarn ;
And, having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

“ ’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea ;
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

“ And pretty-nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men
Said ‘ Here ! ’ to the muster-roll.

“ There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

“ For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel ;
So we drew a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

“ The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“ And then we murdered the bo'sun tight—
And he much resembled pig ;—
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

“ Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘ Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ’ arose ;
And we argued it out as sich.

“ For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blown if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

“ ‘I’ll be eat if you dines off *me*,’ says Tom,
‘Yes ; that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be ;’—
‘I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I,
✓ And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“ Says he, ‘Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do ;
For don’t you see that you can’t cook me,
✓ While I can—*and will*—cook *you* !’

“ So he boils the water and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot) and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“ ‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell ;
✓ ‘Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

‘And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

“ And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I a-eating be ✓
The last of his chops, why I almost drops, ||
For a wessel in sight I see. ||


* * * * *

“ And I never larf and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play ;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is, to say :

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig !”

W. S. GILBERT.

(“ Bab Ballads.”)

 NE of a party of friends, referring to an
exquisite musical composition, said, “ That
song always carries me away when I hear
it.” — “ Can anybody here whistle it ?” asked
Jerrold appealingly.

ABANDONDINO THE BLOODLESS.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Characters.

ABANDONDINO THE BLOODLESS !

MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL (*in a cloak*).TWO COCKS (*who crow*).

SCENE.—An Inn Chamber.

ABANDONDINO *discovered sitting gloomily in the centre ; he is pale and bilious. An old-fashioned kitchen clock on the right of the stage strikes.*

Aband. (*counting the strokes*). One !—Two !—Three !—Four !—Five !—Six !—Seven !—Eight !—Nine !—Ten !—Eleven !—Twelve !—Thirteen !—Fourteen !—Humph ! it will soon be daybreak. For three years and a quarter no traveller has put up at my hostelry. With difficulty, therefore, can I squeeze a profit from my annual returns. The house, I fear me, has an evil name. Seven poor travellers who stayed here during the great race week of five years since, when Maccaroni ran a dead heat with Cardinal Wiseman, and both won by eight necks—ever since then, I say, when the seven customers came in and did *not* go out again,

slander's venom'd breath has been a-going on at me awful. It's fearful to be alone and know what I know—but what is this, Abandon-dino—a tear? luckily it fell in the spittoon. Conscience, get out!

(*Music—a knock.*)

Aband. Who's there?

Voice. Me!

Aband. Ha! that is the smith's voice! come in.

(*Opens door.*)

Enter MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL, in a cloak, L.

Individual. I would sleep here! There is gold! Call me at half-past four in the afternoon of next Friday week.

Aband. (*aside, after several strong spasms*). Next Friday week! the fatal day on which I killed my wife and packed off my infant son and hare in a game hamper, directing it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on account of unpaid income-tax. (*After a struggle with himself, turns—more pale and bilious if possible than before—to INDIVIDUAL.*) You—you cannot sleep here.

Individual (*sitting C.*). I will. (*Sleeps.*)

Aband. How sudden is the slumber of the innocent.

Individual (*reviving suddchly*). Oh, by the way,

my luggage is without, consisting of a couple of pen-wipers and a tooth-brush. Fetch them.

Aband. (*aside, with malignity*). 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour; but I will humour him.

(*Exit, R.*)

Individual (*looking round*). Time indeed works wonders, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; but I anticipate.

ABANDONDINO *returns with box, R.*

Aband. Why travel with this? (*holding up the tooth-brush*). I keep one for the use of all my customers.

Individual. Varlet, the bloom is on the rye, and let the best man win.

Aband. Enough, I am answered.

Individual. Remember, next Friday week, at half-past four. (*Sleeps.*)

Aband. The day! the hour! He sleeps (*in a hoarse whisper, and exhibiting as many teeth as possible*). He must never WAKE! (*Creeps stealthily up to him and bawls with all his might in his ear*) Boohoo! Hurryabagoolabah! (*Pause.*)

Individual (*in his sleep*). Some one whispered my mother's name.

Aband. Poor boy! And yet he must die. (*Goes*

to clock, opens it, and produces an enormous horse-pistol.) This pistol is loaded with powder, several slugs, and a couple of ordinary snails. What is this feeling that comes over me and chills me to the marrow-bone? Pshaw! also Tush! likewise Pish! not to mention Bosh! (*points the pistol at INDIVIDUAL*). One, Two—(*a loud crow is heard; ABANDONDINO drops the pistol*).

The rooster's toll'd the knell of parting night,

'Tis he, my lord, the burly British cock,—

The cock crows sal-volatile to the morn.

Individual (*awakes*). Where is my box?

Aband. There.

Individual. It contains a change of linen and the certificate of my birth.

Aband. His loose kit, and his stiff-kit—oh, agony! you *have* a strawberry pottle on your middle temple?

Individual. Yes, a hautboy.

Aband. Hautboy! Ho, boy, you are *my* boy!

Individual. And you—you—if I am your son, there can be but one conclusion—namely, that *you* are my—

Aband. Father! Yes. Embrace me! (*embrace—the two roosters appear at window and crow*).

Nothing but the approbation of our kind friends is now necessary.

Individual. Here are our hands—join but yours, then (*holding out his luggage*) Box——

Aband. (*pointing to roosters*). And Cocks——

Both. Are satisfied.

Curtain.

HENRY J. BYRON.

MONTENELLE, in his extreme old age, was one day talking to a beautiful and clever young lady, when he suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of mingled gallantry and pathos, “Ah, madam, if I were only fourscore again !”

“**H**EAR,” said somebody to Jekyll, “that our friend Smith the attorney is dead, and leaves very few effects.”—“It could scarcely be otherwise,” returned Jekyll; “he had so very few causes.”

“**I**S not Geneva dull?” asked a friend of Talleyrand. “Especially when they amuse themselves,” was the reply.

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN Woman is in rags and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her;
If Man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth "Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend
(Though legal sharks and screws attack her)—
If Man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth "Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper —
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth "Stop her!"

THOMAS HOOD.

ERABB ROBINSON, just called to the bar, told
Charles Lamb exultingly that he was re-
tained in a cause in the King's Bench.
"Ah," said Lamb; "the first great cause, least
understood."

GENTLEMEN, all I want is common sense!" exclaims an excited orator during a stormy discussion. "Yes, that is precisely what you *do* want," remarks Jerrold.

IT is curious the effect a thimble-full of wine has upon me. I feel as flat as —'s jokes. I forget the number of the Muses, and think them thirty-nine, and only get myself right again by repeating the lines and finding 'Descend, ye thirty-nine!' two feet too long.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WHY do you attack my weakest part?" inquired Foote of somebody who had raised a laugh against him on the subject of his lameness; "did I ever say anything about your head?"

BUSHE, the Irish Chief-Justice, on being told that the judges in the Court of Common Pleas had little or nothing to do, remarked, "Well, well, they're quite equal to it."

HORACE WALPOLE, speaking about some people of fashion who had hired Drury Lane Theatre for the purpose of an amateur performance, remarked, "They really acted so well, it is extraordinary they should not have had sense enough not to act at all."

ALADY of irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made of the rib. "Indeed I can't say," was his reply, "unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

SYDNEY SMITH writes to a friend, "Luttrell is here: he is remarkably well, considering that he has been remarkably well for so many years."

WHEN Charles Lamb, who detested the country as intensely as he enjoyed London, was asked how he had felt among the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, he replied that he was obliged to think of the ham-and-beef shop near Saint Martin's Lane.

EPIGRAM.

IF all speculations the market holds forth,
 The best that I know, for the lover of
 self,
 Is to buy Marcus up at the price he is worth
 And then sell him at that which he sets on
 himself.

THOMAS MOORE.




LOOK, in the supposed character of an under-graduate, says, "One problem was given me to work, which I did in a twinkling. Given C.A.B., to find Q.—*Answer*: Take your C.A.B. through Hammersmith, turn to the left just before you come to Brentford, and Kew is right before you."

THE editor of the *Times* asked Hood one day what he thought of his paper. "I like it very well," answered Hood, "but some of it is broken English." Asked to explain, he added, "Why, the list of bankrupts, to be
sure."

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

(AN UNPUBLISHED PAGE OF BIOGRAPHY.)

“ **B** ID the ruddy nectar flow !”
I say, old fellow, don't you go.
You know *me*—BOSWELL—and you know
I wrote a life of Johnson.
Punch they've here, a splendid brew ;
Let's order up a bowl for two,
And then I'll tell you something new
Concerning Doctor Johnson.

Great man that, and no mistake,
To ev'ry subject wide awake ;
A toughish job you'd have to make 
A fool of Doctor Johnson.
But everybody worth a straw
Has got some little kind of flaw ; 
My own's a tendency to jaw 
About my poor friend Johnson.

And even that immortal man,
When he to speechify began—
No greater nuisance could be than
The late lamented Johnson.

Enough he was to drive you mad,
Such endless length of tongue he had ;
Which caused in me a habit bad
Of cursing Doctor Johnson.

We once were at the famous Gate
In Clerkenwell—'twas getting late ;—
Between ourselves I ought to state
That Doctor Samuel Johnson
Had stowed away six pints of port—
The strong, full-bodied, fruity sort—
And I had had my whack,—in short
As much as Doctor Johnson.

Just as I'd made a brilliant joke
The doctor gave a grunt and woke ;
He looked all round, and then he spoke
These words, did Doctor Johnson :
“ The man who'd make a pun,” said he,
“ Would perpetrate a larceny,
And punished equally should be,
Or my name isn't Johnson ! ”

I on the instant did reply
To that old humbug—by the by,

You'll understand of course that I

Refer to Doctor Johnson—

“ You've made the same remark before. //

It's perfect bosh ; and, what is more, //

I look on you, sir, as a bore ! ” //

Says I to Doctor Johnson.

My much-respected friend, alas !

Was only flesh ; and flesh is grass. /

At certain times the greatest ass /

Alive was Doctor Johnson. |

“ I shan't go home until I choose, //

Let's all lie down and take a snooze. //

I always sleep best in my shoes.— //

All right ! I'm—Doctor Johnson ! //

GODFREY TURNER.

HORACE WALPOLE was on one occasion observing that the same indecision and want of system in politics had existed during Queen Anne's time as now existed in George the Third's. “ But there is nothing new under the sun, ” he added. “ No,” said George Selwyn, “ nor under the grandson. ” X

BALLAD.

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose asked
"Why?"

And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,

The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);

She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,

As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);

If you try to approach her, away she skips

Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
 And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
 Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
 And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
 There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
 She gave up mending her father's breeks,
 And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
 And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks,
 Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

THE witticisms arising out of Samuel Rogers's pale and cadaverous countenance are almost innumerable.—Lord Dudley, seeing the poet get out of a hackney-coach, remarked that he might surely afford to keep his own hearse. It was to the same nobleman that Rogers related his tribulations on visiting Spa and finding the town so full that he could obtain no bed. “Dear me,” said Lord Dudley, “was there no room in the churchyard, Rogers?”—Theodore Hook, on entering the catacombs at Paris, beheld the death-like face of the poet-banker issuing therefrom. “Hallo, Rogers!” cried the irreverent Theodore; “who let you out?”—Byron says in one of his letters that he has just seen a portrait of Rogers, done “to the death.”

JERROLD and Planché were discussing the question of originality and adaptation in the drama. The latter gentleman, wishing to claim a particular character of his own as original, asked, “Do you remember my baroness in “Ask no Questions”?—“Yes,” said Jerrold; “I don’t think that I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness.”

FOOTE happened to be in company where Hugh Kelly was boasting of the power he possessed, as a reviewer, of distributing literary reputations. "Don't be too prodigal of it," quietly interposed Foote, "or you may leave none of it for yourself."

BENEATH the piazza two wags chanced to pass, Where a shop was adorned by an acre of glass.

Quoth Tom, *sotto voce*, "Hail, Burnett & Co.,
Success now-a-days is dependent on show."

"Not so," answered Richard; "here industry reigns.

Success is dependent on using great panes."

JAMES SMITH.

GEORGE SELWYN was one day travelling by coach when a persistent stranger kept annoying him by polite questions. "How are you now, sir?" was the inquiry at brief intervals. At length Selwyn, in order to reply once for all, said, "Sir, I am very well, and I intend to remain so all the rest of the journey."

EPIGRAM.

HARMED with a drink which Highlanders
compose,

A German traveller exclaimed with glee—

“Potztausend ! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,

X How goot dere Athol Boetry must be! ✓

THOMAS HOOD.

TO all letters soliciting his subscription to any-
thing, Erskine had a regular form of reply, ✓

viz.—“Sir, I feel much honoured by your
application to me, and I beg to subscribe”—

here the reader had to turn over the leaf—

“myself your very obedient servant,” etc.

IN the downfall of the Rockingham Ministry
somebody remarked apologetically, in ✓

Foote's hearing, that they had been at
their wits' end, and were quite tired to death.

Foote remarked that their excessive fatigue could
scarcely have arisen from the length of their
journey. ✓

A DREAM.

I'M in such a flutter—I scarcely can utter
The words to my tongue that come dancing
—come dancing ;

I've had such a dream—it must certainly seem
To incredulous ears like romancing—romancing.
No doubt it was brought on by that Madame
Warton,

Who muddled me quite with her models—her
models ;
Or Madame Tussaud, where I saw in a row
Of all possible people the noddles—the noddles.

I dreamt I was walking with Homer and talking
The very best Greek I was able—was able—
When Guy, Earl of Warwick, with Johnson and
Garrick,

Would dance a Scotch reel on the table—the
table.

Then Hannibal, rising, declared 'twas surprising
That gentlemen made such a riot—a riot—
And sent in a bustle to beg Lord John Russell
Would hasten and make them all quiet—all quiet.

~ ~ ~ 10

He came and found Cato at cribbage with Plato,
And Zimmermann playing the fiddle—the fiddle;
And, snatching a rapier from Admiral Napier,
Ran Peter the Great through the middle—the
middle.

Then up jump'd Alboni and looked at Belzoni,
Who sat by her side like a mummy—a mummy:
But pious Aeneas said, "This mustn't be, as
I never play whist with a dummy—a dummy!"

I'm almost perplexed to say what I saw next,
But I think it was Poniatowski—atowski—
Was driving Nell Gwynne with Commissioner Lin
Over Waterloo Bridge in a drosky—a drosky.
When Sardanapalus, who thought fit to hail us,
Remarked it was very cold weather—cold
weather;—

And flinging his jasey at Prince Esterhazy
They both began waltzing together—together.

The news was next spread that Queen Dido was
dead,
And Alderman Gibbs, in a huff, sir—a huff, sir—
Had seized Lola Montes at Fribourg and Pontet's
For feeding her bull-dog with snuff, sir—with
snuff, sir.

Whilst Bunn in a hurry ran off to the Surrey
To clap Abd-el-Kader in irons—in irons :
And engaged Julius Cæsar to play Adalgisa
To Widdicomb's Lady of Lyons—of Lyons.

I caught up a candle and whispered to Handel,
“There must be an end of the matter—the
matter ;”

When bang through the skylight came down upon
my light
Lord Brougham with a deuce of a clatter—a
clatter.

In terror I woke, crying, “This is no joke,”
And jump'd smack out of bed like King Priam—
King Priam ;

And I've but to remark—if you're still in the
dark,

Why, you're not a bit worse off than I am—than
I am.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

DOUGLAS JERROLD ^{See} playfully nicknamed [✓] Stirling Coyne, the dramatist, by the synonym ^X
“Filthy Lucre.” ^X

WHEN Byron, just after his separation, published the "Farewell," and one or two other sentimental poems, Curran remarked of him;

"I protest I cannot understand this kind of whimpering. Here is a man who first weeps over his wife, and then wipes his eyes with the public."

HOOK, on seeing "Milton, Livery Stable Keeper" over a mews, composed the following impromptu—

Two Miltons in separate ages were born ;

The cleverer Milton 'tis clear *we* have got.

Though the other had talents the world to adorn,

This lives by his mews, which the other could
not.

SYDNEY SMITH, writing upon the subject of convicts in his essay on Australia, points grandly to the future in the following sentence:—"The time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket."

FOOTE was much bored on one occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to the reading of it. The persecutor mercilessly taxed his victim with inattention before getting beyond the first pompous line: "*Hear me, O Phæbus, and ye Muses nine.*" "Now, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote."—"I am," groaned the sufferer; "nine and one are ten: go on."

THE French, writes Thomas Hood, always put the cart before the horse—Père la Chaise for a chaise and pair.

CURRAN happened to tell Sir Thomas Turton that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips. Sir Thomas declared that *he* had spoken for five hours in the House of Commons on the Nabob of Oude without feeling in the least thirsty. "That is very remarkable indeed," observed Curran, "for everybody agrees that it was the driest speech of the session."

EPIGRAM.

THREE traitors—Oxford, Francis, Bean—
 Have missed their wicked aim ;
 And may all shots against the Queen
 In future do the same.

For why—I mean no turn of wit,
 But seriously insist

That, if her majesty were hit,
No one would be so miss'd.

THOMAS HOOD.

MR. QUIN," said some disagreeable person who
 had offended the famous actor, "I am told
 that you have been taking away my
 name."—"Pray, sir, what have I said of you?"—
 "I hear that—that—you called me a scoundrel, Mr.
 Quin."—"Keep your name, sir," said the comedian.

CHARLES LAMB one day stammeringly com-
 mended a smart remark made to him by
 Barry Cornwall, by saying, "Very well, my
 dear boy, very well. Ben Jonson has said worse
 things than that—and better."

LORD ERSKINE once declared at a large party that "a wife was a tin canister tied to one's tail," upon which Sheridan, who was present when the remark was made, presented to Lady Erskine the following lines:—

Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a tin canister tied to one's tail;
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries
on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's polished and useful and bright.
And, should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

FOOTE, when in Dublin, was asked what impression he had derived from the condition of the Irish poor. He declared that it had settled a question which had before been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes.

TERROLD one day ordered a bottle of old port.
"Not elder port," he added.

“**I**S it true,” inquired somebody of Horace Walpole, “that George Whitfield has recanted?”—“No,” answered Horace; “he has only canted.”

SOMEBODY observed to Lord Chesterfield that mankind was the only creature possessed of the power of laughter. “Yes, and perhaps the only one that deserves to be laughed at,” said the earl.

WHEN Sheridan moved into Saville Row (not without the help of his friends) he boasted to one of his relations how carefully he was living, and declared that his affairs were going on like clock-work. “That I can easily imagine,” was the reply—all tick-tick-tick!”

IF all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of “good stories.”

DE QUINCEY.

"**I** WONDER whether Vauxhall Bridge pays?" inquired Lord William Lennox of Theodore Hook.—"Go over it, and you'll be tolled," answered Theodore. X

BYRON thought Samuel Rogers's epigram on Ward (Lord Dudley) unsurpassable:— ✓

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it.
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it." ||

ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE YOUNGER said of his father (who was a Creole), "My father has so much vanity that he is quite capable of getting up behind his own carriage to make people believe he has a negro footman." || 54

LORD SHELBURNE could say the most provoking things and yet seem quite unconscious of their being so. In one of his speeches, alluding to Lord Carlisle, he said, "The noble lord has written a 'comedy.'"—"No, a tragedy," interrupted Lord Carlisle. "Oh, I beg pardon; I thought it was a comedy." X 3 X

EPIGRAM.



MECHANIC his labour will often discard

If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;

But a clock—and its case is uncommonly
hard—

X Will continue to work though it strikes.

THOMAS HOOD.



AN old lady one day tired poor Charles Lamb
by singing the praises of some dissenting
minister, and wound up with, "I speak of
him thus because I *know* him, bless him !"—"Well,
I don't," said Lamb ; "I don't—but d—n him at a
hazard!"



LEGG, Bishop of Oxford, rashly invited a
couple of wits, Canning and Frere, to hear
the first sermon after his appointment.
"Well," said he to Canning, "how did you like
it?"—"Why, I thought it rather short."—"Oh
yes, I'm aware it was short; but I was afraid of
being tedious."—"Oh, you were tedious," said
Canning.

Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page, including "Canning" and "Frere".


DURING Sheridan's last illness the medical attendants, apprehending that they would be obliged to perform an operation on him, asked him if he had ever undergone one. "Never," he replied, "except sitting for my picture and having my hair cut."

WHEN Lady Cork gave a party at which she wore an enormous plume, Jekyll said that she was exactly like a shuttlecock—all Cork and feathers.


RAYNE KNIGHT was a bad listener. In later life he became very deaf. "'Tis from want of practice," explained Samuel Rogers.

SAMUEL ROGERS had candles placed high up all round his dining-room in order to show off the pictures. He one day asked Sydney Smith how he liked the plan. "Not at all," was the answer; "above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

man man p... } on 5
merry. 1. doctor.

“ HAVE seen in Islington churchyard an epitaph to an infant who died *ætatis* four months, with this seasonable inscription appended: ‘Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,’ etc.”

LAMB'S "LETTERS."

 N taking rooms in Russell Street, Covent Garden, Lamb says, in a letter to Miss Wordsworth, “We are in the individual spot I like best in all this great city. The theatres with all their noises; Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally sure of the earliest pear and 'sparagus; Bow Street, where the thieves are examined, within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working, and, casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life.”

THE WIDOW MALONE.

DID ye hear of the Widow Malone

Who lived in the town of Athlone

Ohone!

Alone ?

Oh, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts ;
So lovely the Widow Malone,

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,

And fortunes they all had galore

Ohone!

Or more ;

In store ;

From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,

That no one could see her alone,

Ohone!

'Twas known,

Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh
 They could ne'er catch her eye ;
 So bashful the Widow Malone,

Ohone !

So bashful the Widow Malone.

VJTV
U'Brien
ELy
 Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,

How quare !

'Tis little for blushing they care

Down there ;

ah
4V1-
160
vi. P4
-64
co
0194
Put his arm round her waist,

Gave ten kisses at laste,

And says he, "You're my Molly Malone,

My own."

Says he, "You're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy—

My eye !

Never thought of a simper or sigh ;

For why ?

"Oh, Lucius," said she,

"Since ye've now made so free,

You may marry your Mary Malone,

Your own ;

You may marry your Mary Malone."

COLERIDGE, on first meeting Lord Byron, entertained the noble poet with a long and elaborate monologue in his usual incomprehensible style, ascending into the seventh heaven upon the wings of theology and metaphysics. Leigh Hunt was describing the scene shortly afterwards to Charles Lamb, and expressed his wonder that Coleridge should have chosen so unsympathetic an auditor. "Oh, it was only his fun," explained Lamb; "there's an immense deal of quiet humour about Coleridge."

A BARRISTER opened a case very confusedly before Mr. Justice Maule. "I wish, sir," interrupted the judge, "you would put your facts in some order; chronological order is the best, but I am not particular. Any order you like—alphabetical order."

"MY lord," said Dr. Parr to Erskine, whose conversation had delighted him, "should you die first, I mean to write your epitaph."—"Dr. Parr," was the reply, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."

HENRY ERSKINE, pleading before Lord Thurlow, had to speak of a certain curator, and gave the Scotch pronunciation of the word, with the accent on the first syllable. "Pardon me, sir," said Thurlow; "we pronounce the word curātor in England, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which the penultimate syllable is long."—"I thank you, my lord," replied Erskine; "and I bow at once to the authority of a senātor so learned and an orātor so eloquent as your lordship."

SOMEBODY, talking to Peel about Lawrence's portrait of John Wilson Croker, said, "You can see the very quiver of his lips."—"Yes," replied Sir Robert, "and the arrow coming out of it."

CHARLES LAMB was playing whist with Martin Burney for partner. The hands of the latter were anything but as clean as they might have been. "I say, B., if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!" was Charles's remark.

850 Burney B^c H^o E

FRANK TALFOURD was leaving the Reunion Club one winter evening with some friends.

One of them, noticing that Frank had not wrapped himself up prior to leaving, said to him doubtfully, "Let me see, Frank; I believe you never wear a great coat?"—"No, I never was," replied Talfourd innocently.

IN the days of the "London Magazine," correspondents were answered by the pen of Thomas Hood, and the "Lion's Head" was for some time a feature in the publication. From it we have extracted the following pleasantries:—

W.'s "Tears of Sensibility" had better be dropped.

B. is surely humming.

We suspect H. B.'s "Sonnet to the Rising Sun" was written for a lark.

The "Lines to Boreas" go rather too near the wind.

T. says his tale is out of his own head. Is he a tadpole?

W.'s "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it.

Echo, we fear, will not answer.

Alien is foreign to his subject.

Spes cannot be answered by anticipation.

Homo's "Sonnet to Eve" is out of date.

"The Rose in a Shower" is under cover at our publisher's.

THE following epigram on Robert Southey is Lord Holland's:—

Our Laureate Bob defrauds the king;

He takes his cash and does not sing.

Yet on he goes, I know not why,

Singing for us who do not buy.

THE law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"**M**Y notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

10 n 5. 05 140

“**W**HEN you are eating, leave off hungry?”—
 Pshaw! As well say, when you are wash-
ing yourself, leave off dirty. There is only
 one reasonable reason that can be urged in favour of
 thus bringing a meal to an untimely end; namely,
 that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case
 necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may
 leave off as hungry as a hunter who has not caught
his hare. But with the whole joint before you, eat
 your fill. As for the rule, there is only one maxim
 of the kind that is worth anything, viz., when you
are dying, leave off alive.

THOMAS HOOD.

JAMES HARE was one day conversing with
 General Fitzpatrick, when the latter threw
 some doubt upon the report that Burgoyne
 had been defeated at Saratoga. “You may be
 right in your opinion,” said Hare, “but you can
 take it from me as a flying rumour.”

THEODORE HOOK described the game of leap-
 frog by the renowned names of Stern-hold
and Hopkins.

HENRY FLOOD, in the course of some debate, inadvertently referred to Grattan as his "honourable friend." Grattan sprang upon his legs and indignantly exclaimed, "Whom does the honourable gentleman call his friend? Not *me*, surely? I'd spit on him in a desert."

THE Marquis de Bièvre, one of the most famous among French punsters, had a servant-girl named Inés in his employment. She proved so clumsy and broke so much crockery, that her master bestowed upon her the historical name of Inés de Casse-trôp.

SYDNEY SMITH, lying on his death-bed in a state of great prostration, declared he felt so feeble that if anybody were to lend him a knife he would scarcely be able to stick it into a Dissenter.

JOB says, "Why should a living man complain?" I really don't know, except it be that a dead man can't.

BYRON'S "DIARY."

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.



HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,
 Dey had biano-blain'.
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
 Her eyes vas himmel-plue;
 Und ven dey looket into mine,
 Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I vent dere, you'll pe pound.
 I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
 Und vent shpinnen round und round.
 De pootiest fraulein in de house,
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound;
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
 She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear.
 Dey roll'd in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate Lager Bier.

~~Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in~~ X

~~De Deutchers gifes a cheer.~~

I dinks dat so vine a barty //

Nefer coom to a het dis year. //

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;

Der vas all Souse and Brouse ;

~~Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany~~ X

Did make demselves to house

Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,

De Bratwurst and Braten fine ;

Und vash der Abendessen down //

Mit four parrels of Neckarwein. //

Hans Breitmann gife a barty, |

We all cot troonk ash bigs. |

I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier |

Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs. |

Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,

Und she shlog me on de kop ; //

Und de gompany fited mit dable-lecks, /

Dill de goonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—

Where ish dat barty now ?

Where ish de lofely golden cloud—
 Dat float on de moundain's prow?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?
 All goned afay mit de Lager Bier—
 Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES G. LELAND.

✓ **A**BSURD images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach-office, gravely coming to have his trunk booked; a mermaid over a fish-kettle, cooking her own tail.

ELIA'S "TABLE TALK."

AN oyster is very anomalous, and, for example in this—that you must take it out of bed before you can tuck it in.

THOMAS HOOD.

THEY say a parson invented gunpowder; but one cannot believe it till one is married.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

UP THE RHINE.

WHY, tourist, why
With passports have to do?
Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
The port and sherry too. —

Why, tourist, why
Embark for Rotterdam?
Pr'ythee stay at home and take
Thy Hollands in a dram. +

Why, tourist, why
To foreign climes repair?
Pr'ythee take thy German flute X
And breathe a German air.

Why, tourist, why
The Seven Mountains view?
Any one at home can tint X
A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, tourist, why
To old Colonia's walls?
Sure, to see a Wren-ish dome, + Rhemish
One needn't leave St. Paul's.

THOMAS HOOD.

He / 0 ~ vims 4 5 1 200
 6 4 6 6 + 7 x

SAMUEL FOOTE was much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who told him that he thought of publishing his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire that he really didn't know what to do. "Take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

There's point & pomposity. They're belong to the same stock but are not a

A VERY ugly and very disagreeable man sat facing Jerrold at a dinner-party, when the latter accidentally broke a glass before the cloth was removed. The plain gentleman, thinking to be hugely smart, said, "What, *already*, Jerrold? Well, *I* never break a glass."—"I wonder at that," was the reply; "you ought to, whenever you look in one."

THE land tortoise has two enemies, man and the boa-constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him, and the boa-constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1. A man is pompous } 100
 2. 6 7 --- } stuck up } 50
 3. poor & is cheeky }

ONE day, while Hook was delighting and astonishing some friends with his improvised songs, the maid announced that Mr. Winter, the tax-collector, had called. Hook immediately dashed into the following verse:—

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
I advise you to give him whatever he axes!
He isn't the man to stand nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are
summary.

SHERIDAN, being on a Parliamentary committee, one day entered the room when all the members were seated and ready to begin business. Seeing no vacant place, he looked round the table and said, "Will any gentleman
move—that I may take the chair?"

GURRAN said of an acquaintance whose expression of countenance was peculiarly grave and solemn, "Whenever I see smiles upon
that man's face, they remind me of the tin clasps
on an oaken coffin."

CHARLES LAMB writes as follows to Miss Wordsworth concerning a mutual friend.

"He is going to turn sober, but his clock has not struck yet. Meantime he pours down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first is gone, the third to see that no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure that he is the last."

SOMEBODY told George Colman that a certain actor, by the death of his wife, "had suffered a loss he would not soon be able to make up." Colman drily said, "To tell you the truth, I don't believe that he has quarrelled with his loss yet."

THE Germans for learning enjoy great repute,
But the English make letters still more
their pursuit;

For a Cockney will go from the banks of the
Thames

To Cologne for an *O* and to Nassau for *M*'s.

THOMAS HOOD.

Jeux d'Esprit. 211

DURING the war-panic that seized us near the beginning of the century a certain corporation offered to raise a volunteer corps on the condition of receiving an assurance from Mr. Pitt that they should not have to leave the country and serve abroad. The minister accepted the offer, and in reply to the request wrote, "I will engage that they shall not be called upon to leave the country—except in case of invasion."

THE beautiful Lady Coventry was one day exhibiting to George Selwyn a splendid new dress, covered with round silver spangles, and inquired how he liked her taste. "Why," he said, "you will be change for a guinea!"

IF an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the survivors would manage to meet and dine somewhere amongst the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

IN talking about phrenology, John Poole said that he supposed a drunkard had a barrel organ.

THE LEGEND OF DRACHENFELS.

A LAY OF THE ANCIENT RHINE.

KING GILIBALDUS sits at lunch beneath the
linden trees,

But very nervous does he seem, with spirits
ill at ease ;

For first of all he pulls this ear, and then he rubs
that hair,

His sandwich and a splendid glass of ale he can-
not bear ;

Nor aught beside they can provide, because a
monster dread

Has sent to say without delay he must the Prin-
cess wed.

To speak unto his courtiers the monarch doth not
choose,

Until that monster has been hung and they have
brought the noose.

The monster is a Dragon of more hideous shape
and mien

Than any canvas-covered, wicker-basket huge
machine

That Mr. Bradwell ever built at merry Christmas
time,

To be put on by Payne or Stilt in some gay panto-
mime.

A vast aërial courier he, part fish—part beast—
part bird ;

A flying ichthyosaurus of which Mantel never
heard.

No eye might look upon his form without the
deepest awe ;

His maw (or craw) for victuals raw, his jaw and
paw and claw.

Sir Siegfried the Scaly, one of stalwart form and
height

(In Germany, all through the year, he was the
longest knight),

The Niebelungen hero, as some call him, Sea-egg
fried,

Of noble fame, set forth to claim the Princess for
his bride.

He rode beneath proud Stromberg's walls, where
Gilibald held state

And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old
rate ;

Or rather at no rate at all, for none would he e'er pay,
~~But always told the overseer to call another day ;~~
And if the wretched wight returned, they got him
in a line,
Then tied a millstone round his neck and sent him
"down the Rhine."

Sir Siegfried the Scaly played a solo on his horn
That Puzzi might have envied, but the greeting
was forlorn ;

For that same morn at break of dawn the Dragon
had been there,
And carried off the Princess as she walked to take
the air.

He wound his tail about her waist, his tail so large
and long ;

As restless as repealer Dan's—in mischief quite as
strong.

Then, like a rocket shooting up, by dint of magic
spells

He bore her to his mountain home on craggy
Drachenfels.

"Now welcome, brave Sir Siegfried !" King Gili-
bald did say ;

"I am so glad to see you, more especially to-day.

You may command my daughter's hand, and with
it half-a-crown,
If you will climb the Drachenfels and bring her
safely down."

The Dragon after dining was indulging in a nap,
His tinsel'd head reclining in the poor Princess's
lap ;

When Siegfried the Scaly, with his good sword
Balamung,

Just ground for the occasion, up the rocky moun-
tain sprung.

And for the sword's free use, in truth, there also
was just ground ;

This Dragon long had been the curse of all the
country round.

But now he jumped upon his feet, awakened by the
tread,

His nostrils belching out fierce flames to fill the
knight with dread,

And—but for the opinion that both coarse and low
the phrase is—

We might have said Sir Siegfried was going fast to
blazes !

But chivalry and might prevailed, the Dragon soon
was slain ;

And Siegfried the Princess bore to Stromberg back
again.

The bells were rung, the mass was sung, and ere
the close of day

King Gilibaldus to the knight his daughter gave
away.

On those wild heights Sir Siegfried his future home
did fix,

And there a fortress proud of stone he built as right
as bricks.

About the ruins which exist each guide his version
tells;

But this is the correct account of castled Drachen-
fels.

ALBERT SMITH.

JACK BANNISTER, the comedian, had been
brought up as an artist. Long after he
had made his name on the stage an old
friend expressed some wonder that he should
have changed his profession, and remarked, "You
promised so well, Jack." The answer was—"Yes,
but I've been performing ever since."

METELLUS is a lover ; one whose ear,
I have been told, is duller than his sight. ✓

The day of his departure had drawn near ;
And (meeting her beloved over-night)
Softly and tenderly Corinna sighed :

" Won't you be quite as happy, now, without me?"
Metellus in his innocence replied,

" Corinna ! oh Corinna ! *Can you doubt me ?*" ✕
W. S. LANDOR.

WHEN Daniel O'Connell, while conducting a
case before Lord Norbury, observed,

" Pardon, my lord, I am afraid your lord-
ship does not apprehend me," the Chief-Justice
(alluding to a report that O'Connell had avoided a
duel by surrendering himself to the police) retorted,
" Pardon me, also ; no one is more easily appre-
hended than Mr. O'Connell—whenever he wishes
to be apprehended." ✕

ASEXTON in Salisbury Cathedral told Lamb
that eight people had dined at the top of
the spire. Charles remarked that they
must have been very sharp set. ✕

LORD KENYON addressed as follows a dishonest butler who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity, a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might without dishonesty have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles." X X X X !!

THE sign of the "Three Ravens" at Sutton suggested to Theodore Hook the reflection that the landlord of the house must be "raven mad."

Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page:
 1. f
 2. 10 h
 3. 10 h
 4. 10 h
 5. 10 h
 6. 10 h
 7. 10 h
 8. 10 h
 9. 10 h
 10. 10 h
 11. 10 h
 12. 10 h
 13. 10 h
 14. 10 h
 15. 10 h
 16. 10 h
 17. 10 h
 18. 10 h
 19. 10 h
 20. 10 h

QUON the day following the first representation of "L'Ami des Femmes," a comedy by Alexandre Dumas (the second), the author's father sent him a note, congratulating him on the success of his piece, and volunteering his own collaboration on some future one. The note closed with a somewhat grandiloquent phrase: "If you desire to see my credentials, they are to be found in 'Monte Christo' and 'The Three Musketeers.'" The son replied, "Even were I ignorant of the great works you mention, I should gladly accept your offer, on account of the high opinion my father evidently entertains of you."

THOMAS HOOD one day, tempting Charles Lamb to dine with him, said, "We have a hare."—"And many friends?" inquired Lamb.

PEOPLE with one leg in the grave are so terribly long before they put in the other. They seem, like birds, to repose better on one leg.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Y (not a) 's h y
nothing

“**T**HIS is a very impartial country for justice,”
 said Sam. “There ain’t a magistrate
going as don’t commit hisself twice as
often as he commits other people.”

PICKWICK.

LORD PALMERSTON, during his last attack of
 gout, exclaimed playfully to his medical
 adviser, “Die, my dear doctor? That’s the
last thing I think of doing.”

HOOD asserts that the phrase “republic of
letters” is used to insinuate that, taking
 the whole tribe of authors together, they
have not a sovereign amongst them.

GEORGE COLMAN, on declining to write verse
 in a lady’s album, was asked the ground of
 his objection. He opened the book and
 wrote :—

The Muse and I, ere youth and fancy fled,
 Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
 But now I’ve sent the poor old girl to bed.
The reason is, my fire is going out.

LORD CHELMSFORD was walking down St. James's Street, when a stranger accosted him, saying, "Mr. Birch, I believe?"—"If you believe that, sir, you'll believe anything," replied the ex-chancellor as he passed on.

FOOTE replied to somebody who spoke of his horse in terms of disparagement, "My horse, sir? Why, I can warrant it to stand still faster than yours can gallop."

ON hearing that an acquaintance had hurried across to the Continent in order to avoid his importunate creditors, George Selwyn said, "It is a pass-over that will not be much relished by the Jews."

HOOK was writing at the Garrick when a noisy procession passed with a band. "What's all that?" he asked, without looking up. "A temperance procession," was the answer. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed; "I don't make such a row when I get sober."

SAD MEMORIES.

THEY tell me I am beautiful ; they praise my
silken hair,

My little feet that silently slip on from
stair to stair :

They praise my pretty trustful face and innocent
grey eye ;

Fond hands caress me oftentimes, yet would that I
might die !

Why was I born to be abhorred of man and bird
and beast ?

The bullfinch marks me stealing by, and straight
his song hath ceased ;

The shrewmouse eyes me shudderingly, then flees ;
and, worse than that,

The housedog he flies after me—why was I born a
cat ?

Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed
his native land ;

Who drags a mercenary tail and licks a tyrant
hand.

The leal true cat they prize not, that if e'er
compelled to roam

Still flies, when let out of the bag, precipitately
home.

They call me cruel. Do I know if mouse or song-
bird feels?

I only know they make me light and salutary
meals:

And if, as 'tis my nature to, ere I devour I
teaze 'em,

Why should a low-bred gardener's boy pursue me
with a besom?

Should china fall or chandeliers, or anything but
stocks—

Nay, stocks, when they're in flower-pots—the cat
expects hard knocks:

Should ever anything be missed—milk, coals,
umbrellas, brandy—

The cat's pitched into with a boot, or anything
that's handy.

"I remember, I remember," how one night I
"fleeted by,"

And gained the blessed tiles and gazed into the
cold clear sky.

"I remember, I remember, how my little lovers
came ;"

And there, beneath the crescent moon, played
many a little game.

They fought—by good St. Catherine, 'twas a fear-
some sight to see

The coal-black crest, the glowering orbs, of one
gigantic He.

Like bow by some tall bowman bent at Hastings
or Poitiers,

His huge back curved till none observed a vestige
of his ears.

He stood, an ebon crescent, flouting that ivory moon ;
Then raised the pibroch of his race, the Song with-
out a Tune.

Gleamed his white teeth, his mammoth tail waved
darkly to and fro,

As with one complex yell he burst, all claws, upon
the foe.

It thrills me now, that final Miaow—that weird,
unearthly din :

Lone maidens heard it far away and leaped out of
their skin.

A potboy from his den o'erhead peeped with a
scared wan face ;
Then sent a random brickbat down, which knocked
me into space.

Nine days I fell, or thereabouts ; and, had we not
nine lives,

I wis I ne'er had seen again thy sausage-shop,
St. Ives !

Had I, as some cats have, nine tails, how gladly
would I lick

The hand, and person generally, of him who heav'd
that brick !

For me they fill the milkbowl up, and cull the
choice sardine ;

But ah ! I never more shall be the cat I once have
been !

The memories of that fatal night, they haunt me
even now :

In dreams I see that rampant He, and tremble at
that Miaow !

C. S. CALVERLEY.

CHARLES LAMB had a very clumsy servant. He said once to his sister, "Mary, I believe that girl would break the Bank of England if she ran up against it."

IN the presence of Jerrold somebody was talking of Mr. Fitzball, the dramatist, and called him "the English Victor Hugo."—"You mean," said Jerrold, "the Victor No-go."

WHEN a proposal was made to lay a tax upon milestones, Sheridan declared it would be unfair, as they could not meet to remonstrate.

SIR FLETCHER NORTON, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors."—"We all know it, Sir Fletcher," interposed the judge with one of his blandest smiles.

NO writer of a novel should suffer his hero to have a black eye or be pulled by the nose. +

The "Iliad" would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the "Æneid" if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the fourth book. Æneas may have deserved it, but he could not have founded the Roman Empire after so distressing an accident.

SYDNEY SMITH.

BEWARE," says Thomas Hood, "of angering a blind man—for he will strike you as soon as look at you." +

VEN you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't." +

DICKENS'S "PICKWICK."

(1 L h o : v o v P i

U B 1 L e . c u r r e n c y

IT being suggested on one occasion to Lamb that he probably would refuse to sit down to a meal with the Italian witnesses at Queen Caroline's trial, he asserted that he would sit with anything except a hen or a tailor.

SYDNEY SMITH, advocating the extension of toleration in Scotland, thus describes the effects of it in earlier times:—"With a little oatmeal for food and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with one hand and holding his Calvinistic creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills—sung his psalm out of tune his own way—and listened to his sermon of two hours long amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles."

WHEN Thelwall was on his trial for high treason he wrote the following note, during the evidence for the prosecution, and sent it over to Erskine, his counsel:—"I am determined to plead my cause myself." Erskine wrote under it, "If you do you'll be hanged ;" to which Thelwall replied, "Then I'll be hanged if I do."

The Thistle is 1 Calvinist & Vegetarian (C V B) 2 J V ap

own 33 Selwyn - (4166
by 10 - 20p. ea: 11005
Jeux d'Esprit. 1022: 1p-
4 in 1000 f 1

GEORGE SELWYN'S morbid passion for public executions and similar horrors became notorious. He paid a visit to Lord Holland while the latter was on his deathbed. When his lordship was told that Mr. Selwyn had called, he said, "Should he come again, please to show him up. If I am alive I shall be happy to see him. If I am dead he will be happy to see me."

A NOBLEMAN of questionable veracity told Lord Chesterfield one day that he had drunk six bottles of champagne. "That is more than I can swallow," remarked his lordship.

COBBS, Secretary of the East India Company, was one of the leading wags at the Beef Steak Club. Once, when he filled the vice-chair, he so worried the poor president, an alderman, that the latter exclaimed, "Would to Heaven I had another vice-president, so that I could have a gentleman opposite me!"—"Why should you wish any such thing?" retorted Cobb; "you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present."

is by 2 h mo 80
2007 in cy.

(The following rhymed epistle was addressed by Lamb to his friend Ayrton, director of the music at the Italian Opera :—)

TO WILLIAM AYRTON, ESQ.

MY dear friend,
 Before I end,
 Have you any
 More orders for Don Giovanni
 To give
 Him that doth live
 Your faithful zany ?

Without raillery,
 I mean gallery
 Ones :

For I am a person that shuns
All ostentation
 And being at the top of the fashion
 And seldom go to operas
But in formâ pauperis.

*I am L L
 (Curt)*

I go to the play
 In a very economical sort of a way,
Rather to see
Than be seen ;
 Though I'm no ill sight
 Neither,
 By candle-light
 And in some kinds of weather.
 You might pit me
 For height
 Against Kean ;
 But in a grand tragic scene
 I'm nothing :
 It would create a kind of loathing
To see me act Hamlet ;
There'd be many a damn let
Fly
 At my presumption,
 If I should try,
 Being a fellow of no gumption.

 By the way, tell me candidly how you relish
 This—which they call
 The lapidary
 Style ?

We are

here

by

of

L. H.

ACT

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

W. H.

Opinions vary.
 The late Mr. Mellish
 Could never abide it—
 He thought it vile
 And coxcombical.

My friend the poet-laureat,
 Who is a great lawyer at
 Anything comical,
 Was the first who tried it ;
 But Mellish could never abide it.

~~XX~~ But it signifies little what Mellish said,
 Because he is dead.

For who can confute
A body that's mute ?
 Or who would fight
 With a senseless sprite ?

Or think of troubling
An impenetrable old goblin.

That's dead and gone
And stiff as stone,

To convince him with arguments *pro* and *con*.
 As if some live logician
 Bred up at Merton,

you

ELy → and tank

Or Mr. Hazlitt, the metaphysician ?

Hey, Mr. Ayrton ?

With all your rare tone !

For tell me, how should an apparition

List to your call,

Though you talked for ever, ||

Ever so clever ;

When his ear itself

By which he must hear, or not hear at all,

Is laid on the shelf ?

Or put the case

(For more grace),

It were a female spectre—

How could you expect her

To take much gust

In long speeches,

With her tongue as dry as dust,

In a sandy place

Where no peaches,

Nor lemons, nor limes, nor oranges hang,

To drop on the drought of an arid harangue,

Or quench

With their sweet drench ||

The fiery pangs which the worms inflict,
 With their endless nibblings,
 Like quibblings,
 Which the corpse may dislike but can ne'er contra-
 dict—

Hey, Mr. Ayrton?
 With all your rare tone!

I am,

C. LAMB.

“**H**OW does your horse answer?” inquired the
 Duke of Cumberland of George Selwyn.

“I really don't know,” George replied; “I
 have never asked him a question.”

TALLEYRAND was enjoying his rubber one day
 at the Travellers' Club when the conversa-
 tion turned upon the recent marriage of an
 elderly lady of respectable rank. “How ever could
 Madame de —— make such a match? A person
 of her birth to marry a *valet-de-chambre*!”—“Ah!”
 said Talleyrand, “it was late in the game. At
nine we don't reckon honours.”

PARODY.



OT a *sou* had he got—not a guinea or note—

And he looked confoundedly flurried,

As he bolted away without paying his
shot,

And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,

When home from the club returning ;

We twigged the doctor beneath the light

Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dews,

Reclined in a gutter we found him ;

And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze

With his Marshall cloak around him.

"The doctor's as drunk as the d—," we said,

And we managed a shutter to borrow ;

We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his
head

Would consumedly ache on the morrow.

Parodies
are
cheap

100
cheap

as
27

parodists

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
 And we told his wife and his daughter
 To give him next morning a couple of red
 Herrings with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
 And his lady began to upbraid him ;
 But little he recked, so they let him snore on
 'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done
 When, beneath the window calling,
 We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
 From his room on the uppermost story ;
 A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
 And we left him alone in his glory !

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

MR. JERNINGHAM has lately written a tragedy
 and a farce ; both extremely well spoken of
 by the reviewers, and both gone to the
pastry-cooks'.

NOTE TO GIFFORD'S "MÆVIAD."

WHEN Horne Tooke appeared before the commissioners of income-tax, to account for the return he had made, they declared themselves dissatisfied with the amount set down. He told them that he had much more cause to be dissatisfied with it than they. One of the commissioners, having asked him some question, declared very peevishly that he could not understand his answer. "Then," said Horne Tooke, "as you have not half the understanding of any other man, you should have at least double the patience."

LORD CHESTERFIELD, when Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, being asked one day whom he thought the greatest man in the country, answered, "The last man who has arrived from England, be he who he may."

SOMEBODY stated in Talleyrand's presence that Chateaubriand was beginning to complain of growing deaf. "He thinks himself deaf," remarked the cynic, "because he no longer hears himself talked about."

T cynic my h: co y'is

16 4. co cynic - X

16 4. co - 2 1 0 4

AT a club dinner of artists a barrister present, having his health drunk in connection with the law, began an embarrassed answer by saying that he did not see how the law could be considered one of the arts. Jerrold quickly jerked in the word black, and sent the company into convulsions.

LORD THURLOW, while at the bar, met a barrister one morning who accosted him with, "Oh, I am told that the barmaid at Nando's has a little baby."—"What the mischief is that to me?"—"But," pursued the barrister, "I hear the child is yours."—"Then what the mischief is that to *you*?"

BLOOMFIELD, Bishop of London, was to have dined one evening with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his appointment, a dog having rushed out of the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When the note was read aloud, Smith observed, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

EPIGRAM.

THOUGH matches are all made in Heaven,
they say,

Yet Hymen (who mischief oft hatches)
Sometimes deals with the house t'other side of the
way,

And *there* they make Lucifer matches.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE beautiful Duchess of Gordon being one
day in conversation with Henry Erskine,
he inquired, "Is your grace never coming
back to live among us at Edinburgh?" She
answered, "No, it is a vile dull place." Erskine
retorted, "Madam, the sun might as well say,
'This is a vile dull morning; I will not rise to-
day.'"

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY had an acquaintance
who invariably closed his eyes when asked
a puzzling question, evidently from the
intensity of his efforts to solve it. "Sir," said
Whately to him, "you resemble an ignorant peda-
gogue who loves to keep his pupils in darkness."



OH, LOVE, YOU'VE BEEN A VILLAIN.

LOVERS who are young, indeed, and wish to
know the sort of life

That in this world you're like to lead, ere
you can say you've caught a wife ;

Listen to the lay of one who's had with Cupid
much to do,

And love-sick once, is love-sick still, but in another
point of view.

Woman, though so kind she seems, will take your
heart and tantalize it—

Were it made of Portland stone, she'd manage to
McAdamize it.

Dairymaid or duchess

Keep it from her clutches,

If you'd ever wish to know a quiet moment more.

Wooing, cooing, —

Seeming, scheming, —

Smiling, wiling, —

Pleasing, teasing, —

Taking, breaking, —

Clutching, touching, —

Bosoms to the core. —

Oh, love, you've been a villain since the days of
Troy and Helen,
When you caused the fall of Paris, and of very
many more.

Sighing like a furnace, in the hope that you may
win her still,

And losing health and appetite, and growing thin
and thinner still;

Walking in the wet before her window or her door
o' nights,

And catching nothing but a cold, with waiting
there a score o' nights.

Spoiling paper by the ream, with rhymes devoid of
reasoning,

All silly and insipid as a goose without the season-
ing.

Running bills with tailors,

Locking up by jailers,

Bread and water diet then your senses to restore.

Sighing, dying,

Losing, musing,

Walking, stalking,

Hatching, catching,

Spoiling, toiling,

Rhyming, chiming,
Running up a score.

Oh, Love, you've been a villain, since the days of
Troy and Helen,
When you caused the fall of Paris, and of very
many more.

Finding all you've suffered has but been the sport
~~X~~ of jilting jades,
And calling out your rival in the style of all true
tilting blades.

Feeling, ere you've breakfasted, a bullet through
your body pass,
And cursing, then, your cruel fate, and looking
very like an ass.

Popped into a coffin, just as dead as suits your
time of life ;
Paragraphed in papers, too, as "cut off in the prime
of life."

When the earth you're under
Just a nine days' wonder,
And the world jogs on again, exactly as before.
Jilting, tilting,
Calling, falling,

Swearing, tearing,

Lying, dying.

Cenotaphed and paragraphed,

And reckoned quite a bore.

Oh, Love, you've been a villain since the days of
Troy and Helen,
When you caused the fall of Paris, and of very
many more.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

SYDNEY SMITH, describing his domestic arrangements at Foston, says: On state occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits; he does pretty well, but sometimes naturally makes a mistake and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.

RIVAROL, meeting M. de Florian one day, observed a manuscript sticking from one of his pockets, and warned him as follows:

"Take care, my dear sir, or somebody who doesn't know who you are may be wicked enough to rob you."

DURING the first representation of a three-act comedy by Henry J. Byron at one of the Liverpool theatres, the author watched the progress of the piece from a private box occupied by some literary friends. The interval between the second and last acts was of considerable duration, rendered more noticeable by a loud and obstinate sound of sawing which came from behind the scenes. "What are they doing, Byron?" asked a companion, astonished at the persistency of the noise. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the author, in a tone of comic despair, "unless they are cutting down the third act."

IT is my inherent faith that the ocean was expressly created to keep nations as much as possible separate; but that the courageous wickedness of man has set at nought the benevolent design of Nature, and, to her astonishment, has triumphed in the very teeth of sea-sickness. The sea was intended to keep people to themselves; but the human heart is wicked, and men became ship-builders.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Handwritten notes:
 y —
 on the 6-2
 1 up 7 in Commerce
 1 new 7

Counting of 1 with
even > wave 20

Jeux d'Esprit.

ve 26^{p45} 22

5 4 9

ON IDA PFEIFFER.

THROUGH regions by wild men and cannibals
haunted

Old Dame Ida Pfeiffer goes lone and
undaunted ;

But bless you ! the risk's not so great as it's
reckoned :

She's too plain for the first and too tough for the
second.

JAMES HANNAY.

GEORGE SELWYN was very much annoyed one
1st of May by chimney-sweepers who were

clamorously surrounding and persecuting
him. In short, they would not let him go until

they had forced money from him. At length he
made them a low bow and said, "Gentlemen, I

have often heard of the majesty of the people ; I
presume your highnesses are in court mourning."

IT's an undeniable fact, plain people always
praise the beauties of the mind.

DION BOUCICAULT.

AN EXPLANATION.

(BY ONE OF THE LIVERY.)

SAYS Blue and Buff to Drab and Pink,
 "I've heard the hardest word, I think,
 That ever posed me since my teens ;—
 I wonder what Asbestos means !"

Says Drab and Pink to Blue and Buff,
 "The word is clear and plain enough ;
 It means a Nag wot goes the pace,
 And so as best os wins the race."

THOMAS HOOD.

"**W**HY does the operation of hanging kill a man ?" asked Archbishop Whately one day. A physiologist present replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and the blood suffuses and congests the brain."—"Nonsense," remarked his grace ; "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

24 170-235

THE POPLAR.

AYE, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so
stately, [then—

On whose tender rind—'twas a little one
We carved her initials, though not very lately ;
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the *G* which proclaimed Georgiana—
Our heart's empress then—see, 'tis grown all
askew ;

And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction it now looks much more like a *Q*.

This should be the great *D*, too, that once stood
for Dobbin—

Her loved patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?
Its once fair proportions Time, too, has been robbing.
A *D*?—We'll be *Deed* if it isn't an *O* !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern Chronos should
frown ;

Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
And turn true love's alphabet all upside down.

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

Poplar

HOOD supplied the Duke of Devonshire with a list of odd titles for sham volumes in a library. Among them are the following:—

+ On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.

— Percy Vere. In 40 volumes.

Tadpoles; or, Tales out of my own Head.

Malthus's Attack of Infantry. X 2

The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself. 54

Pygmalion. By Lord Bacon.

Boyle on Steam. X

Dirge on the Death of Wolfe. By Lamb. X

Haughtycultural Remarks on London Pride. X 4

Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 3 Vols. 4

Barrow on the Common Weal. X

Campaigns of the Brit. Arm. By one of the Ger-
man Leg. X

Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair. X

Cursory Remarks on Swearing.

In-i-go on Secret Entrances. X 4

X **T**HE brilliant Sophie Arnould, hearing of a Capuchin friar who had been eaten by wolves, exclaimed, "Poor brutes! Hunger must indeed be a terrible thing!" X

VJ 20 C 6 21-11; 6 7. '6

Les 501 1P 12 Buffon
thous he was
simple +

F Buffon's son, who turned out considerably less brilliant than might have been expected from his parentage, Rivarol remarked, "He is the weakest chapter of his father's 'Natural History.'"

I DON'T like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, "Out, damned Spot!" but she did not think it sentimental enough.

SYDNEY SMITH.

DURING the Reign of Terror, Martainville, the dramatist, who was strongly suspected of leanings towards royalism, found himself summoned before the revolutionary tribunal. "Your name?" asked the president, Fouquier Tinville. The name was given. "It is useless trying to deceive us," proceeded Fouquier; "you are an aristocrat, and your name is *De Martainville*." "Citizen President," answered the accused boldly, "I was brought here to be cut shorter, not to be lengthened."

THE FOUR GEORGES.

GEORGE THE FIRST was reckoned vile,
Viler George the Second.

And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ERSKINE observed, on coming into court one day, that Mr. Balfour, a brother barrister, had his ankle bound up with a silk handkerchief. "What's the matter, Balfour?" he inquired. The sufferer, whose mode of expressing himself was always very elaborate, replied: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds when, coming to a gate I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood."—"You may thank your lucky stars," observed Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not so lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck!"

ON SHELLEY'S "PROMETHEUS
UNBOUND."

SHELLEY styles his new poem "Prometheus
Unbound,"

And 'tis like to remain so while time
circles round;

For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding.

THEODORE HOOK.

ONE day at dinner, Curran sat opposite Lord
Norbury, who was famous for his severity
as a judge. "Curran," asked Norbury, "is
that hung beef before you?"—"You try it, my
lord," answered Curran, "and it's sure to be."

COUNSELLOR BUSHE (of the Irish bar) after-
wards Chief-Justice, was asked which
member of Mr. Power's dramatic company
he most admired. "The prompter," was his reply,
"for I heard the most and saw the least of him."

EPIGRAM.

(On seeing a full-length portrait of Beau Nash between the busts of Newton and Pope at Bath):—

IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find ;
 Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke
 More cruel on mankind.

The picture placed these busts between
 Gives Satire all its strength :

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

ONE evening at the house of Madame de Polignac, Rivarol found himself amongst rather dull company, and experimented upon his listeners by uttering as many platitudes as he could think of. Hearing murmurs of disappointment and dissatisfaction on all sides, he quietly observed, "It is very strange that I cannot let fall a foolish remark but everybody in the room cries out, *Stop thief!*"

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including the title *Jeux d'Esprit* and the number 253.

SHOULD say of the metaphysicians what Scaliger said of the natives of the Basque Provinces : "I am told that they understand each other, but I do not believe it."

CHAMFORT.

ACOUNCIL of ministers having met on some important questions, a nobleman inquired of Talleyrand, "What has passed at the council?"—"Three hours," was the answer.

LORD ERSKINE, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he had slept. He replied dogmatically, "Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for, had they been unanimous last night, they could easily have pushed me out of bed."—"Fleas?" exclaimed the landlord, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house."—"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship; "they are all married, I think, and have uncommonly large families."

OUT!



If you don't say out at once, you make the
low doubt, John !—

Say I'm out, whoever calls, and hide my hat and cane, John!

Say you've not the least idea when I shall come again, John!

Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not
to call, John!

Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay
them all, John.

Run, John! run, John! There's another dun, John!
If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow week at one,
John!

If he says he saw me at the window as he knocked,
John,

Make a face and shake your head, and tell him you are shocked, John!

Take your pocket-handkerchief and put it to your eye, John !

Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie,
John!

John!

6. 6 0 0 0 wheel
on starter

Oh, John! go, John! There's Noodle's knock,
I know, John!

Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high
and low, John! X

Tell him, just before he came, you saw me mount
the hill, John! /

Say you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill,
John! X

Then I think you'd better add that if I miss to-day,
John, /

You're very sure I mean to call next time I pass
his way, John!

Hie, John! fly, John! I will tell you why, John!
If there is not Grimshaw at the corner let me die,
John! /

He will hear of no excuse; I'm sure he'll search
the house, John!

Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse,
John!

Bid him take a chair and wait; I know he'll not
refuse, John! /

While I pop through the little door that opens on
the mews, John!

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Let us see if we can
do it in 7 P.R. hours

EVEN Rivarol met his match on one occasion. At the outset of the Revolution the great wit, who had always put forward pretences to aristocracy, was lamenting the fall of the nobles. "We have lost our rights," said he. The Duc de Créqui emphatically repeated, "We have lost?"—"Do you see anything singular in the phrase?" demanded Rivarol. "Nothing singular except the plural," smilingly replied the duke.

HORNE TOOKE, being asked by the income-tax commissioners how he could contrive to exist upon less than sixty pounds a year, answered, "There are three ways in which a man can do it—by begging, borrowing, or stealing. You may take your choice."

GHESTERFIELD, speaking of himself and Lord Tyrawley, when both were very old and infirm, said, "The fact is, Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known."

A TRIP TO PARIS.

WHEN a man travels he mustn't look queer
If he gets a few rubs that he doesn't get
here ;

And if he to Paris from Calais will stray,
I will tell him some things he will meet on his way.

Dover heights—men like mites—skiffery, cliffery,
Shakespeare.

Can't touch prog—sick as a dog—packet 'em,
racket 'em, makes pier.

Calais clerks—custom-house sharks—lurchery,
searchery, fee! fee!

On the *pavé*—cabriolet—clattery, pattery, *oui! oui!*
Abbeville—off goes a wheel—hammery, dammery,

tut! tut!

Montreuil—look like a fool—latery, gaterly, shut!
shut!

Laughing, quaffing, snoozing, boozing, cantering,
bantering, gad about, mad about—

When a man travels, etc.

Ding dong—postboy's thong—smackery, crackery,
gar! gar!

Soups, ragouts—messes and stews—hashery, trash-
ery, psha! psha!

Beggar's woes—*donnez quelque chose*—howlery,
growlery, sou ! sou !

Crawl like a calf—post and a half—sluggery,
tuggery, pooh ! pooh !

Saint-Denis—custom-house fee—lacery, tracery,
non, non !

Silver tip—finger on lip—feeing 'em, freeing 'em,
bon, bon !

Laughing, quaffing, etc.

When a man travels, and gets by good luck
 To Paris, he stares like a pig that is stuck ;

And, if he's in want of a *Guide de Paris*,

He'd better be quiet and listen to me.

Montagne Russe—down like a sluice—whizzery,
dizzery, see saw !

Catacombs—ghosts and gnomes—bonery, groanery,
fee faw !

Mille Colonnes—queen on her throne—flattery
chatter, charmant !

Who's to pay ?—Beauvilliers—suttle 'em, guttle 'em,
gourmand !

Saint-Cloud—fête of St.-Leu—bower 'em, shower
'em, jet d'eau.

Bastille—water-work wheel—Elephant, elephant,
 wet oh !

Laughing, quaffing, etc.

Sol fa—Tanta-ra-ra! Shriekery, squeakery, strum,
strum.

Louis d'or—couldn't get more—packery, backery,
glum, glum.

Call for bill—worse than a pill—largery, chargery,
oh! oh!

Diligence—lessens expense—waggon 'em, draggin'
'em, slow, slow!

Quillacq—glad to get back—floodery, scuddery,
sick, sick!

Now we steer—right for the pier—over 'em, Dover
'em, quick, quick!

Laughing, quaffing, snoozing, boozing, cantering, X
bantering, gad about, mad about—

When a man travels he mustn't look queer
If he gets a few rubs that he doesn't get here;
And, if he from Calais to Paris would stray,
I've told him the things he will meet on his way.

JAMES SMITH.

ROGERS was observing one day to Sydney
Smith that he should not again sit for his
portrait unless he were taken in an attitude
of prayer. "Yes," said Sydney: "with your face
in your hat." X X

“PIUS ÆNEAS!”

VIRGIL, whose magic verse enthrals,
(And who in verse is greater?)

By turns his wand'ring hero calls

Now *pius* and now *pater*.

But when, prepared the worst to brave

(An action that must pain us),

Queen Dido meets him in the cave—

He dubs him *dux Trojanus*.

And well he changes thus the word

On that occasion, sure :

Pius Æneas were absurd,

And *pater* premature.

JAMES SMITH.

“**A** FRIEND of mine,” says Lord Erskine,
“suffered from a continual wakefulness,
and various methods were tried to send
him to sleep—but in vain. At last his physicians
resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly.
They dressed him in a watchman's coat,
put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-
box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes.”

WHEN Sydney Smith resided at Edinburgh, a certain gentleman reigned there as paramount bore, and his favourite subject of conversation was the North Pole. Jeffrey, among others, fled from him whenever he could; but one day the tormentor met him in a narrow lane (where escape was impossible), and began on the eternal topic. At length Jeffrey could endure it no longer and darted off, crying, "D——n the North Pole!" "My dear fellow," said Smith, trying to soothe the injured bore soon after; "never mind. Nobody cares what Jeffrey says, you know. He is a privileged person; he respects nothing—absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator." X

AN old lady asked Dr. Wolcot, that most disloyal of versifiers, whether he did not think himself a very bad subject of our most pious King George the Third. He answered, "I know nothing about *that*, madam, but I know that the king has been a devilish good subject for me." X

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

TO no one Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye at once to all the nine. ✕

THOMAS MOORE.

TALLEYRAND, being asked whether a certain authoress of his acquaintance was not "*a little tiresome*," replied, "*No; she was completely tiresome.*"

THOMAS HOOD, in his "Literary Reminiscences," gives a laughable example of Charles Lamb's readiness in quotation. "He was one day bantering my wife on her dread of wasps, when all at once he uttered a horrible shout—a wounded specimen of the species had sily crawled up the leg of the table and stung him in the thumb. I told him it was a refutation well put in, like Smollett's timely snowball. 'Yes,' said he, 'and a stinging commentary on "Macbeth"—

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes." ||

AN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a river clear and fair,
 'Tis neither broad nor narrow ;
 It winds a little here and there—
 It winds about like any hare ;
 And then it takes as straight a course
 As on the turnpike-road a horse,
 Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore
 Have grown a hundred years or more,
 So long there is no knowing.
 Old Daniel Dobson does not know
 When first these trees began to grow ;
 But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
 As if they'd nothing else to do
 But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
 Have reared their stately heads so high,
 And clothed their boughs with green,
 Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,

Ly e
 Lgt
 bards

A thing of Nature's rearing?—

A thing beyond the world's control—

A living vegetable soul—

No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see

That child become a Willow-tree,

His brother trees among!

He'd be four times as tall as me,

And live three times as long!

MISS CATHERINE FANSHAWE.

“**W**HAT do you mean to do with So-and-So?”
a friend asked Theodore Hook, alluding
to somebody who had grossly vilified
him. “I mean,” was the reply, “to let him alone
most severely.”

WHEN John Wilson Croker wrote his bitter
review on Macaulay's “History of England,”
for the *Quarterly*, Rogers said, “He meant
murder, but committed suicide.”

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A —
GENTLEMAN."

IT may be so—perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart :
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose, —
Unsightly though it be—
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee !

Those eyes !—among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue. —
No matter !—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face
By something like a chin—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued domestic smile
Upon thy features mild.

X
Ly
d
huffed

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
That cherub on thy knee ;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook ;
A portrait once was there.
It was thine only ornament.—
Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go ;
She begged thee all in vain. X
She wept—and breathed a trembling pray'r
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away.
It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours
And in her happy dreams,
Upon its long-deserted hook
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
In melancholy wise,
And looks to meet the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one;
Perchance I never may.

It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way.

But if we meet in distant years,
Or on some foreign shore,
Sure I can take my Bible oath
I've seen that face before.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.



NE evening, during his residence in Hamburg,
Rivarol was particularly brilliant. Suddenly he discovered that some of the company were consulting and whispering with each other, at a loss to grasp a certain witticism. Turning to a Frenchman beside him he said, "Look at these Germans clubbing together to understand a joke."

CLUBS.

IF any man loves comfort and has little cash to
buy it, he
Should get into a crowded club—a most
select society :—

While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve *infelix*
uxor, he

May have his club, like Hercules, and revel there
in luxury.

Yes, clubs knock taverns on the head. E'en
Hatchett's can't demolish 'em.

Joy grieves to see their magnitude and Long's
longs to abolish 'em.

The inns are out. Hotels for single men scarce
keep alive on it,

While none but houses that are in the family way
thrive on it.

There's first the Athenæum Club ; so wise, there's
not a man of it

That has not sense enough for six—in fact, that is
the plan of it.

The very waiters answer you with eloquence
Socratical.

And always place the knives and forks in order
mathematical.

Then opposite the mental club you'll find the regi-
mental one.

A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very
gentle one.

If uniform good living please your palate, here's
excess of it,

Especially at private dinners, when they make a
mess of it.

E'en Isis has a house in town and Cam abandons
her city;

The Master now hangs out at the United Uni-
versity.

In Common Room she gave a rout (a novel freak
to hit upon),

Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs
to sit upon.

The Union Club is quite superb; its best apart-
ment daily is

The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux,
cum multis aliis.

At half-past six the joint concern for eighteen-
pence is given you,
Half-pints of port are sent in ketchup-bottles to
enliven you.

The Travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars
so cosily,

And dream they climb the highest Alps or rove
the plains of Moselai. ✓ o c

The world for them has nothing new, they have
explored all parts of it,

And now they are ~~club-footed~~, and they sit and
look at charts of it.

The Orientals, homeward-bound, now seek their
club much sallower,

And while they eat green fat they find their own
fat growing yellower.

Their soup is made more savoury, till bile to
shadows dwindles 'em,

And neither Moore nor Savory with seidlitz
draughts rekindles 'em.

Then there are clubs where persons parliamentary
preponderate,

And clubs for men upon the turf (I wonder they
arn't under it); ✓

Clubs where the winning ways of sharper folks
pervert the use of clubs,
Where knaves will make subscribers cry, "Egad!
this is the deuce of clubs!"

For country squires the only club in London now
is Boodle's, sirs,

The Crockford club for playful men, the Alfred
club for noodles, sirs :

These are the stages which all men propose to play
their parts upon,

For clubs are what the Londoners have clearly set
their hearts upon.

THEODORE HOOK.

SOME ladies were bantering Selwyn on his
want of feeling in going to see Lord
Lovat's head cut off. "Why," said he,

"I made amends by going to the undertaker's to
see it sewn on again."

VOLTAIRE characterized the employment of a
medical man as "pouring drugs of which
he knew very little into bodies of which
he knew less."

by ladies T L 1 9
7.4

a
flapping
headed
forced
flapping
1/2
Why
not

SYDNEY SMITH, in one of his letters to Lady Holland, writes:—Nothing can be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd to see five hundred people fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea. Lord Morpeth pretends to say he was pleased, but I see a great change in him since the music-meeting. Pray tell Luttrell he did wrong not to come to the music. It tired me to death; it would have pleased him. He is a melodious person, and much given to sacred music. In his fits of absence I have heard him hum the Hundredth Psalm (Old Version).

9. 3
7.
94
7

DAVENPORT, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet that will match you to a button-hole," was the reply; "List, list, oh list!"

94
h

LUTTRELL, walking on the Boulevards with Tom Moore, took notice of a rather pretty woman who passed them, and said, "The Frenchwomen are often in the suburbs of beauty, but they never enter the town."

94
no w d (w) d... b
o patchy decorations b x

There is

Jeux d'Esprit.

275

SONG.

MY mother bids me spend my smiles
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles
To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own
For whom I hoard my little stock:
What if I chirp to him alone,
And leave mamma to feed the flock!

THOMAS HOOD.

BYRON one day positively asserted to some friends at Malta that he had read the tenth book of Sir James Bland Burges's epic, "Richard the First." General disbelief being expressed, he added, "If any one doubts it, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from."

RIVAROL said of some one remarkable for the uncleanliness of his person, "He would make a stain upon mud."

ALPHONSE ROYER, the dramatist, was in the habit of giving literary dinners on a large scale during his management of the Odéon.

On one of these occasions Edouard Martin proposed the health of the host, adding, "He receives *us*, at all events, if he does not receive our pieces." — "Ah, gentlemen," replied Royer, in returning thanks, "if I were to receive your pieces I should most likely be unable to receive *you*."

RIVAROL said of a dull scientific author that he wrote in laudanum upon sheets of lead.

SYDNEY SMITH writes to Jeffrey: "Tell Murray that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham the day after he went. In carving a partridge I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and, though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her. Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

✓
THE following parody by John Poole on the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia is one of the best bits of burlesque in the language.

Were it not for one excruciating lapse in rhyme, it would be almost perfect ; its closeness to the original text being a merit that must strike every reader :—

LET me tell you, Miss Ophelia, your behaviour's very rude,

And your whims and freaks and fancies ought in time to be subdued ;

So, if my advice will better you, to give it 'tis my duty :—

Imprimis—~~Let your honesty discourse not with your beauty~~ X

Won't you, won't you, won't you to a nunnery go ? X

I told you once I loved you, but 'twas easy to perceive

That I didn't care a fig for you, as now you may believe, ✓

In future trust to nobody ; we're arrant knaves at
best ;

And I (as soon you'll find, Miss,) am no better than
 the rest.

Won't you, etc.

If you marry (just to comfort you) this plague take
 for your portion,

X You'll not escape from calumny, however great
your caution ;

But, if you wed, pray wed a fool, if disengaged
 your heart is ;—

I need not state my reason—but it's better for both
parties.

Won't you, etc.

I've heard too of your paintings—that you use
 both red and white,

X Heav'n gave you one face and to make another is
 not right.

Your pranks have made me mad, so no more
wedding bells shall jingle—

The married may remain so, but the rest shall all
keep single.

Won't you, etc.

is (v) - for w then
 awful Wagerly & poor
 Ophelia : : Ophelia
 & worse & 6 Hamlet

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY."

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name;
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame.

Perhaps you were a favourite child,
Perhaps an only one;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done!

Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice
With such a stake to win.

I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips, +
Or ruin fine young men. —

Pray did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who for a very trifling sum
Will snip one's picture out?

Let doctor in balloons &
go into G-6

280

Jeux d'Esprit.

I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place;
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face.

I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall
Or bust upon a shelf.

But Nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

as fond 's Cash as Murabean

MIRABEAU is capable of *anything* for money—
even of committing a good action.

RIVAROL.

BALZAC, speaking of Rivarol and Chamfort, the
two greatest French wits, says, "Those
people often gave us a whole volume in a
bon-mot. Nowadays we can rarely find a *bon-mot*
in a whole volume."

He is a truly cynical

Ad-zooks

in - i - y
c - b - e - d - y - e

LINES ✓

LEFT AT MR. THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE, IN JUNE, 1834.



S Dick and I

Were a-sailing by

At Fulham Bridge I cocked my eye,

And says I, "Ad-zooks!"

There's Theodore Hook's,

Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty
books."

"I wonder," says I,

Still keeping my eye

On the house, "if he is in—I should like to try." ✕

With his oar on his knee

Says Dick, says he,

"Father, suppose you land and see!" ✕

"What, land and sea?"

Says I to he;

"Together? why, Dick, why, how can that be?" ✕

And my comical son—

Who is fond of fun—

I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore
 And knocks at the door,
 When William—a man I've seen often before—
 Makes answer and says,
 "Master's gone in a chaise
 Call'd a honnibus, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
 "Just lend me a pen."
 "I will, sir," says William, politest of men,
 So, having no card, these poetical brayings
 Are the record I leave of my doings and
 sayings.

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

"**I** AM going to stand godfather. I don't like
 the business ; I cannot muster up decorum
 for these occasions ; I shall certainly dis-
 grace the font. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and
 had like to have been turned out several time
 during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me
 laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral."

CHARLES LAMB.

(G Charles, 6, 5, 11, 12
 W 21) 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000)

EPIGRAM.

“**W**HY did you not dine,” said a lord to a wit,
“With the Whigs, you political sinner?”
“Why, really, I meant; but had doubts
how the Pit
Of my stomach would bear a Fox dinner.”~~X~~

THOMAS HOOD.

DURING the Reign of Terror somebody who was
discussing with Chamfort the state of the
Parisian theatres alluded in particular to
the decline of the tragic drama. “Tragedy,” said
Chamfort, “has lost her reputation since she has
begun to walk the streets.” Σ4

RIVAROL said of somebody who was delivering
tedious lectures in Hamburg during his
residence there, “He engages his door-
keepers less to prevent people from getting in
without payment than to prevent them from
getting out when they are once inside.”

Charles Lamb 0 4 2 5 7 4
5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100
284 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
Feux d'Esprit.

(The following is a letter addressed by Charles Lamb to "A Farmer and his Wife," returning thanks for the present of a pig) :—

"**T**HE pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. There was some contention as to who should have the ears; but in spite of his obstinacy (deaf as these little creatures are to advice) I contrived to get at one of them.

"It came in boots too, which I took as a favour. Generally these pretty toes (pretty toes!) are missing; but I suppose he wore them to look taller.

"He must have been the last of his race. His little feet would have gone into the silver slipper. I take him to have been a Chinese, and a female.

"If Evelyn had seen him, he would never have farrowed two such prodigious volumes, seeing how much good can be contained in—how small a compass!

"He crackled delicately.

"I left a blank at the top of my letter, not being determined which to address it to: so farmer and farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks.

May your granaries be full, and your rats empty,
and your chickens plump, and your envious neigh-
bours lean, and your labourers busy, and you as
idle and as happy as the day is long!

VIVE L'AGRICULTURE!

How do you make your pigs so little?

They are vastly engaging at that age:

I was so myself.

Now I am a disagreeable old hog,

A middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half.

My faculties, thank God! are not much impaired.

"I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect ;
and can read the Lord's Prayer in common type, by
the help of a candle, without making many mistakes.

"Believe me that, while my faculties last, I shall
ever cherish a proper appreciation of your many
kindnesses in this way, and that the last lingering
relish of past favours upon my dying memory will
be the last smack of that little ear. It was the left

ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns, not of
the pig, but of the New Year, to both! Mary, for
her share of the pig and the memoirs, desires to
send the same."

Al E Lh' + 1 Sept 11
G Chas Lamb
L is lucky

“**W**HEN do you sketch O’Connell?” said one of Lord Plunkett’s daughters to Haydon, the painter. “There is one thing,” said Lord Plunkett; “if you could take his head entirely off, you would do great good to society.”

AROWGATE is the most heaven-forgotten country under the sun. When I saw it there were only nine mangy fir-trees there; and even they all leaned away from it.

SYDNEY SMITH.

SYDNEY SMITH relates that on one occasion he actually, for the space of two or three minutes, forgot his own name. He had knocked at somebody’s door and inquired for the lady of the house. The servant asked, but asked in vain, what name he should take up. “I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith.”

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.



WROTE some lines once on a time

In wondrous merry mood,
And thought (as usual) men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit in the general way
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

"These to the printer," I exclaimed
And in my humorous way
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper—and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next : the grin grew broad
And shot from ear to ear,
 He read the third ; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth—he broke into a roar ;
The fifth—his waistband split :
The sixth—he burst five buttons off—
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes,
 I watched that wretched man ;
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can !

OLIVER W. HOLMES.



GENTLEMAN called upon Douglas Jerrold in
 behalf of a mutual friend who—not by any
 means for the first time—was in want of
 money. The following dialogue took place :—

Jerrold. Well, how much does he want now ?

Visitor. Why, I think a four and two noughts
 will put him straight. X

Jerrold. Then you may set me down for one of
the noughts. V

My
burst
your
buttons
w
6 w
wound
grub

ONE of Curran's friends, a notorious and lucky gambler, getting entangled in conversation with him, gradually lost his temper, and at last said with great vehemence, "No man, sir, shall trifle with me with impunity." Curran corrected him by saying, "Play with you, you mean."

OF course, if ever I do go to a fancy-ball at all I shall go as a Dissenter.


SYDNEY SMITH.


JAMES SMITH puts the following epigram into the mouth of an old gentleman whose daughter Arabella is importuning him for money:—

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

NEXT to the rhinoceros there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

NE evening, when a young gentleman had spoken slightly of religion in the presence of Coleridge and Irving, Lamb remained silent; but, when the party was breaking up, he said to the youth who had thus annoyed his guests, "Pray did you come here in a hat, sir, or a turban?"

OU will hear a good, lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, Fate has bestowed on the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust, although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder. And then, for woman, he asks, what is all beauty but skin-deep? Behold the lawful bed-fellow of the querist. Why, Destiny has tied him to an angel—a perfect angel, save that for a time she has laid aside her wings! Now, is it not delightful to see these humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honour of dry bread and water, compelled by the gentle force of fortune to chew venison and swallow claret?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Jeux d'Esprit.



YOUNG author came to read his tragedy to Piron. The five acts were brimful of the most flagrant plagiarisms. Piron listened very gravely, and kept repeatedly taking off his cap with great politeness. When asked the reason of this gesture he replied, "I am always in the habit of saluting old acquaintances."




NCE, as Charles Lamb sat waiting in the Highgate coach, a female came to the door and asked loudly and sternly, "Are you full inside?"—"Well, madam," Charles meekly replied, "I cannot undertake to speak for the others; but that last piece of Mrs. Gillman's pudding has done my business."





FRIEND asked Robert Brough which was the best book in the world. He answered, as a matter of course, "the Bible."—"And the second?"—"Bradshaw's Guide."—"Why?"—"Because the Bible teaches us the way to Heaven, and Bradshaw tells us at what time the trains start."

EPITAPH.

ERE lies John Shaw,
 Attorney-at-law ;
 And, when he died,
 The devil cried :
 "Give us your paw,
 John Shaw,
 Attorney-at-law !"

THOMAS MOORE.

ORD CHESTERFIELD, noticing a very grave
 and awkward couple dancing a minuet,
 said that they looked as if they were doing
it for money and were doubtful about getting paid.

" OU don't seem," said some chattering woman
 to Lamb at the dinner-table, "to be at
 all the better for what I have been saying
 to you." The answer was, "No, madam ; but no
 doubt this gentleman on the other side of me must
 be, for it all came in at one ear and went out at
 the other."

JERROLD says, describing Australia, "Earth is here so kind that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest."

A WITNESS, having given before Lord Ellenborough some very rambling and rather discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was—*Witness*: I employ myself as a surgeon. *Lord Ellenborough*: But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?

DUGLAS JERROLD was told of a new play that it had been done to order. "It strikes me," he said, "that it will be done to a good many orders."

WHEN Cobbett showed the execrably bad taste of bringing Tom Paine's remains from America, Lord Norbury was asked what he could possibly have meant by doing such a thing. He answered that he supposed Cobbett wanted to make a broil.

does sound
m. y. ether
1.1.20 17/1/62

IN the first piece Theodore Hook wrote for the stage, a traveller, coming up to an inn-door, says, "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?"—"Yes, sir," is the reply: "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

COLERIDGE is very bad; but then he wonderfully picks up another day—and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory; an archangel a little damaged.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE dramatist Reynolds, observing to Morton, a brother dramatist, the thinness of the house at the performance of one of his plays, added that he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," said Morton, "I am afraid it is owing to the piece."

ACANTING lady asked Foote whether he ever went to church. "No," he answered, adding, "not that I see any harm in it."

THE Reverend Rowland Hill said once, to some people who had entered his chapel to avoid the rain, "Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak : but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella." ~~X~~ **||**

THE END.

$\cdot \vee \alpha - \vee | \sigma : -$
 $\vee \alpha - \vee - \vee \sigma : \vee \sigma :$
 $, \vee | \sigma - \vee \sigma - \vee \sigma$

$\vee \sigma \vee \sigma : \vee \sigma$
 $\vee \sigma \vee \sigma : \vee \sigma$
 $=$

$\vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee$
 $\vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee$
 $\vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee \vee$

1/21/22

October, 1876.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S

LIST OF BOOKS.



NEW FINE-ART GIFT-BOOK, UNIFORM WITH THE
"TURNER GALLERY."

Handsomely half-bound, India Proofs, royal folio, £10 ; Large Paper
copies, Artists' India Proofs, elephant folio, £20.

Modern Art:

A Series of superb Line Engravings, from the Works of distinguished
Painters of the English and Foreign Schools, selected from Galleries
and Private Collections in Great Britain.

With Descriptive Text by JAMES DAFFORNE.

Demy 8vo, price One Shilling.

Academy Notes for 1876.

With 107 Illustrations of the Principal Pictures at Burlington
House : a large number being Facsimiles of Sketches drawn by
the Artists. Edited by HENRY BLACKBURN.

"We at once take an opportunity of offering our thanks, as well as those of all
visitors to the Exhibition, to Mr. Blackburn for his very carefully executed review
of the Academy pictures, illustrated by some 100 woodcut memoranda of the
principal pictures, almost half of them from the pencils of the painters themselves.
A cheaper, prettier, or more convenient souvenir of the Exhibition it would be
difficult to conceive and unreasonable to expect."—TIMES.

* * ACADEMY NOTES for 1875 may also be had, price One Shilling.

Crown 8vo, with Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

A History of Advertising.

From the Earliest Times. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, and Biographical Notes of Successful Advertisers. By HENRY SAMPSON.

"We have here a book to be thankful for. Among the many interesting illustrations is a photographed copy of the 'Times' for January 1st, 1788, which may be easily read by means of a magnifying glass. We recommend the present volume, which takes us through antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the present time, illustrating all in turn by advertisements—serious, comic, roguish, or downright rascally. The chapter on 'swindles and hoaxes' is full of entertainment; but of that the volume itself is full from the first page to the last."—ATHENÆUM.

Crown 4to, containing 24 Plates beautifully printed in Colours, with descriptive Text, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Æsop's Fables

Translated into Human Nature. By C. H. BENNETT.

"For fun and frolic the new version of *Æsop's Fables* must bear away the palm. There are plenty of grown-up children who like to be amused; and if this new version of old stories does not amuse them they must be very dull indeed, and their situation one much to be commiserated."—MORNING POST.

Crown 8vo, with Portrait and Facsimile, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Artemus Ward's Works:

The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait, facsimile of Handwriting, &c.

"The author combines the powers of Thackeray with those of Albert Smith. The salt is rubbed in with a native hand—one which has the gift of tickling."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Small 4to, green and gold, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

As Pretty as Seven,

and other Popular German Stories. Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 100 Illustrations by RICHTER.

"These tales are pure and healthful; they will shed over childhood a rosy light, and strew the path with stars and flowers, the remembrance of which will last through life."—PREFACE.

Blake's Works.

A Series of Reproductions in Facsimile of the Works of WILLIAM BLAKE, including the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," "The Book of Thel," "America," "The Vision of the Daughters of Albion," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Europe, a Prophecy," "Jerusalem," "Milton," "Urizen," "The Song of Los," &c., is now in preparation.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 18s.

Baker's Clouds in the East :

Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turkoman Frontier. By VALENTINE BAKER. With Maps and Illustrations, coloured and plain, from Original Sketches. Second Edition, revised and corrected.

"A man who not only thinks for himself, but who has risked his life in order to gain information. . . . A most graphic and lively narrative of travels and adventures which have nothing of the commonplace about them."—LEEDS MERCURY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

A Handbook of London Bankers ;

With some Account of their Predecessors, the Early Goldsmiths ; together with Lists of Bankers, from the Earliest London Directory, printed in 1677, to that of the London Post-Office Directory of 1876. By F. G. HILTON PRICE.

"An interesting and unpretending little work, which may prove a useful contribution towards the history of a difficult subject. . . . Mr. Price's anecdotes are entertaining. . . . There is something fascinating, almost romantic, in the details given us of Child's Bank. . . . There is a great deal of amusing reading and some valuable information in this book."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"A work of considerable research and labour ; an instructive contribution to the history of the enormous wealth of the City of London."—ACADEMY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Bardsley's Our English Surnames :

Their Sources and Significations. By CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A. Second Edition, revised throughout, considerably enlarged, and partially rewritten.

"Mr. Bardsley has faithfully consulted the original mediæval documents and works from which the origin and development of surnames can alone be satisfactorily traced. He has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of surnames, and we hope to hear more of him in this field."—TIMES.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Blewitt's The Rose and the Lily ;

How they became the Emblems of England and France. A Fairy Tale. By MRS. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT. With a Frontispiece by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Boccaccio's Decameron ;

or, Ten Days' Entertainment. Translated into English, with an Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With Portrait, and STOTHARD's beautiful Copperplates.

Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, price 21s. per volume.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists :

A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries. In Two Series.

The FIRST SERIES including Examples by WILKIE, CONSTABLE, TURNER, MULREADY, LANDSEER, MACLISE, E. M. WARD, FRITH, Sir JOHN GILBERT, LESLIE, ANSDELL, MARCUS STONE, Sir NOEL PATON, FAED, EYRE CROWE, GAVIN O'NEIL, and MADDOX BROWN.

The SECOND SERIES containing Pictures by ARMYTAGE, FAED, GOODALL, HEMSLEY, HORSLEY, MARKS, NICHOLLS, Sir NOEL PATON, PICKERSGILL, G. SMITH, MARCUS STONE, SOLOMON, STRAIGHT, E. M. WARD, and WARREN.

All engraved on Steel in the highest style of Art. Edited, with Notices of the Artists, by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A.

Each Volume is Complete in itself.

"This book is well got up, and good engravings by Feens, Lumb Stocks, and others, bring back to us pictures of Royal Academy Exhibitions of past years."
—TIMES.

Price One Shilling Monthly, with Four Illustrations.

Belgravia.

CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

Reality. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated.

Beau Feilding at the Old Bailey. By G. A. SALA.

Juliet. By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. Illustrated.

Black Rupert's Leap. Illustrated.

The New Republic.

From Dreams to Waking. By E. LYNN LINTON.

Cupid's Alley. By AUSTIN DOBSON.

Tasbrook's Testimonial. By JAMES PAYN.

Joshua Haggard's Daughter. By M. E. BRADDON. Illustrated.

The THIRTIETH Volume of BELGRAVIA (which includes the HOLIDAY NUMBER), elegantly bound in crimson cloth, bevelled boards, full gilt side and back, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d., is now ready.—Cases for binding the volume (designed by Luke Limner) can also be had, price 2s. 6d. each.

On November 10 will be published, price One Shilling, with numerous Illustrations,

The Belgravia Annual

for Christmas, 1876. Containing Stories by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, DUTTON COOK, M. E. BRADDON, MARY CECIL HAY, KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, JAMES PAYN, S. J. MACKENNA, J. S. SULLIVAN, and others.

Crown 8vo, with Photographic Portrait, cloth extra, 9s.

Blanchard's (Laman) Poems.

Now first Collected. Edited, with a Life of the Author (including numerous hitherto unpublished Letters from Lord LYTTON, LAMB, DICKENS, ROBERT BROWNING, and others), by BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"His humorous verse is much of it admirable—sparkling with genuine 'esprit,' and as polished and pointed as *Præd's*."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s.

Boudoir Ballads:

Vers de Société. By J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Brand's Observations on Popular Anti-

quities, chiefly Illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS. An entirely New and Revised Edition, with fine full-page Illustrations.

"Anyone who will read, on each respective day, the chapter which belongs to it, will, when he has got through the volume, have a better notion of what English history is than he will get from almost any other work professedly named a 'history.'"—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Select Works

in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations.

"Not many months before my friend's death, he had sent me two sketches by a young American writer (Bret Harte), far away in California ('The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' and another), in which he had found such subtle strokes of character as he had not anywhere else in late years discovered; the manner resembling himself, but the matter fresh to a degree that had surprised him; the painting in all respects masterly, and the wild rude thing painted a quite wonderful reality. I have rarely known him more honestly moved."—FORSTER'S LIFE OF DICKENS.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with full-page Portraits, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) Martyrs of Science.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with "Astronomical Plates, 4s. 6d.

Brewster's (Sir David) More Worlds

than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian.

Crown 8vo, cloth, full gilt (from a special and novel design), 10s. 6d.

The Bric-a-Brac Hunter;

or, Chapters on Chinamania. By Major H. BYNG HALL. With Photographic Frontispiece.

"This is a delightful book. His hints respecting marks, texture, finish, and character of various wares will be useful to amateurs. By all who are interested in Chinamania it will be most warmly appreciated—a very amusing and chatty volume."—STANDARD.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Brillat-Savarin's Gastronomy as a Fine

Art; or, The Science of Good Living. A Translation of the "Physiologie du Goût" of BRILLAT-SAVARIN, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.

"I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles."—Dr. JOHNSON.

THE STOTHARD BUNYAN.—Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Edited by Rev. T. SCOTT. With 17 beautiful Steel Plates by STOTHARD, engraved by GOODALL; and numerous Woodcuts.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Byron's Letters and Journals.

With Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. A Reprint of the Original Edition, newly revised, Complete in one thick Volume, with Twelve full-page Plates.

"We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. . . . The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and, when it rises into eloquence, it rises without effort or ostentation. Nor is the matter inferior to the manner. It would be difficult to name a book which exhibits more kindness, fairness, and modesty."—MACAULAY.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

Canova's Works in Sculpture and Model-

ling. 150 Plates, exquisitely engraved in Outline by MOSES, and printed on an India tint. With Descriptions by the Countess ALBRIZZI, a Biographical Memoir by CICOGNARA, and Portrait by WORTHINGTON.

"The fertility of this master's resources is amazing, and the manual labour expended on his works would have worn out many an ordinary workman. The outline engravings are finely executed. The descriptive notes are discriminating, and in the main exact."—SPECTATOR.

"A very handsome volume. . . . The graceful designs of the original are rendered by the engraver with exquisite fidelity. As a gift-book, the volume deserves to be placed beside the 'Outlines' of a very kindred genius—Flaxman."—GRAPHIC.

Two Vols. imperial 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, the Plates beautifully printed in Colours, £3 3s.

Catlin's Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians: the result of Eight Years of Travel and Adventure among the Wildest and most Remarkable Tribes now existing. Containing 360 Coloured Engravings from the Author's original Paintings.

Imperial folio, half-morocco, gilt, £7 10s.

Catlin's North American Indian Portfolio. Containing Hunting Scenes, Amusements, Scenery, and Costume of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and Prairies of America, from Drawings and Notes made by the Author during Eight Years' Travel. A series of 31 magnificent Plates, beautifully coloured in facsimile of the Original Drawings exhibited at the Egyptian Hall.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Colman's Humorous Works:

"Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works, Prose and Poetical, of GEORGE COLMAN. With Life and Anecdotes by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH.

"What antic have we here, in motley livery of red and yellow, with cap on head, and dagger of lath in hand? It is the king's jester, a professed droll, strangely gifted in all grimace, who pulls faces, and sells grins by the yard. For the impudent joke he has scarcely an equal."—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Coloured Illustrations and Maps, 21s.

Cope's History of the Rifle Brigade

(The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th. By Sir WILLIAM H. COPE, formerly Lieutenant Rifle Brigade.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Creasy's Memoirs of Eminent Etonians;

with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Sir EDWARD CREASY, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." A New Edition, brought down to the Present Time, with 13 Illustrations.

"A new edition of 'Creasy's Etonians' will be welcome. The book was a favourite a quarter of a century ago, and it has maintained its reputation. The value of this new edition is enhanced by the fact that Sir Edward Creasy has added to it several memoirs of Etonians who have died since the first edition appeared. The work is eminently interesting."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Two very thick Volumes, 7s. 6d. each.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With 2000 Woodcuts and Steel Engravings by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c.

To be Completed in Twenty-four Parts, quarto, at Five Shillings each, profusely illustrated by Coloured and Plain Plates and Wood Engravings,

The Cyclopædia of Costume;

or, A Dictionary of Dress—Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil and Military—from the Earliest Period in England to the reign of George the Third. Including Notices of Contemporaneous Fashions on the Continent, and preceded by a General History of the Costumes of the Principal Countries of Europe. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Somerset Herald.—A Prospectus will be sent upon application. Part XV. just ready.

"There is no subject connected with dress with which 'Somerset Herald' is not as familiar as ordinary men are with the ordinary themes of everyday life. The gathered knowledge of many years is placed before the world in this his latest work, and, when finished, there will exist no work on the subject half so valuable. The numerous illustrations are all effective—for their accuracy the author is responsible; they are well drawn and well engraved, and, while indispensable to a proper comprehension of the text, are satisfactory as works of art."—*ART JOURNAL*.

"One of the most perfect works ever published upon the subject. . . . Beautifully printed and superbly illustrated."—*STANDARD*.

* * Part XIV. contains the Completion of the *DICTIONARY*, which, as Vol. I. of the Book, forms a Complete Work in itself. This volume may now be had, handsomely bound in half red morocco, gilt top, price £3 13s. 6d. Cases for binding the volume may also be had, price 5s. each.

The remaining Parts will be occupied by the *GENERAL HISTORY OF THE COSTUMES OF EUROPE*, arranged Chronologically.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt and emblazoned, with Illustrations, coloured and plain, 7s. 6d.

Cussans' Handbook of Heraldry.

With Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS.; Rules for the Appointment of Liveries, Chapters on Continental and American Heraldry, &c. &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with 360 Plates and Woodcuts.

Parts I. to X. now ready, 21s. each.

Cussans' History of Hertfordshire.

A County History, got up in a very superior manner, and ranging with the finest works of its class. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. Illustrated with full-page Plates on Copper and Stone, and a profusion of small Woodcuts.

"Mr. Cussans has, from sources not accessible to Clutterbuck, made most valuable additions to the manorial history of the county, from the earliest period downwards, cleared up many doubtful points, and given original details concerning various subjects untouched or imperfectly treated by that writer. The same may be said as to the lists of incumbents and the monumental inscriptions. Clutterbuck's errors and omissions have been carefully corrected and supplied, and the occurrences of the last fifty years added, so that we have these important features of the work complete. Particular attention has also been paid to the heraldry of the county. . . . The pedigrees seem to have been constructed with great care, and are a valuable addition to the genealogical history of the county. Mr. Cussans appears to have done his work conscientiously, and to have spared neither time, labour, nor expense to render his volumes worthy of ranking in the highest class of County Histories. The typography is entitled to unqualified praise, the paper, type, and illustrations being unexceptionable."—ACADEMY.

Demy 8vo, half-bound morocco, 21s.

Dibdin's Bibliomania;

or, Book-Madness: A Bibliographical Romance. With numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, with a Supplement, including a Key to the Assumed Characters in the Drama.

"I have not yet recovered from the delightful delirium into which your '*Bibliomania*' has completely thrown me. Your book, to my taste, is one of the most extraordinary gratifications I have enjoyed for many years."—ISAAC DISRAELI.

Two Vols., 8vo, cloth extra, 30s.

Dixon's White Conquest:

America in 1875. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The best written, most instructive, and most entertaining book that Mr. Dixon has published since '*New America*.'"—ATHENÆUM.

SECOND EDITION, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, with Illustrations, 18s.

Dunraven's The Great Divide:

A Narrative of Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874. By the EARL of DUNRAVEN. With Maps and numerous striking full-page Illustrations by VALENTINE W. BROMLEY.

"There has not for a long time appeared a better book of travel than Lord Dunraven's '*The Great Divide*.' . . . The book is full of clever observation, and both narrative and illustrations are thoroughly good."—ATHENÆUM.

"A jolly, rollicking narrative of adventure and sport, mixed up with a great deal of useful information concerning one of the most interesting regions in the American continent."—NATURE.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 24s.

Dodge's (Colonel) The Hunting Grounds

of the Great West: a Description of the Plains, Game, and Indians of the Great North American Desert. By RICHARD IRVING DODGE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the United States Army. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BLACKMORE; Map, and numerous Illustrations drawn by ERNEST GRISET.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s. per Volume; a few Large Paper copies (only 50 printed), at 12s. per Vol.

Early English Poets.

Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART.

"Mr. Grosart has spent the most laborious and the most enthusiastic care on the perfect restoration and preservation of the text; and it is very unlikely that any other edition of the poet can ever be called for. . . . From Mr. Grosart we always expect and always receive the final results of most patient and competent scholarship."—EXAMINER.

1. *Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.)*

Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes.

2. *Davies' (Sir John)*

Complete Poetical Works, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. Two Vols.

3. *Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides, Noble Numbers, and*

Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes, Steel Portrait, Index of First Lines, and Glossarial Index, &c. Three Vols.

4. *Sidney's (Sir Philip)*

Complete Poetical Works, including all those in "Arcadia." With Memorial-Introduction, Essay on the Poetry of Sidney, and Notes. [In the press.]

5. *Donne's (Dr. John)*

Complete Poetical Works, including the Satires and various from MSS. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes. [In the press.]

* * * Other volumes are in active preparation.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 6s.

Emanuel On Diamonds and Precious

Stones: their History, Value, and Properties; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations, Tinted and Plain.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

The Englishman's House :

A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House, with full Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Third Edition. With nearly 600 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 6s.

Fairholt's Tobacco :

Its History and Associations ; including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture ; with its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author.

"A very pleasant and instructive history of tobacco and its associations, which we cordially recommend alike to the votaries and to the enemies of the much-maligned but certainly not neglected weed. . . . Full of interest and information."—DAILY NEWS.

"A more complete and dainty book on a subject which some still think unsavoury it would not be easy to call to mind."—GRAPHIC.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Chemical History of a Candle.

Lectures delivered to a Juvenile Audience. A New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Faraday's Various Forces of Nature.

A New Edition. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Finger-Ring Lore :

Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal.—Earliest Notices; Superstitions ; Ring Investiture, Secular and Ecclesiastical ; Betrothal and Wedding Rings ; Ring-tokens ; Memorial and Mortuary Rings ; Posy-Rings ; Customs and Incidents in Connection with Rings ; Remarkable Rings, &c. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. With Hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries.

"The book is both amusing and instructive."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Enters fully into the whole subject, and gives an amount of information and general reading in reference thereto which is of very high interest. The book is not only a sort of history of finger-rings, but is a collection of anecdotes in connection with them. . . . The volume is admirably illustrated, and altogether affords an amount of amusement and information which is not otherwise easily accessible."—SCOTSMAN.

"One of those gossiping books which are as full of amusement as of instruction."—ATHENÆUM.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 9s.

Figuier's Primitive Man :

A Popular Manual of the prevailing Theories of the Descent of Man, as promulgated by DARWIN, LYELL, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, HUXLEY, E. B. TYLOR, and other eminent Ethnologists. Translated from the last French edition, and revised by E. B. T. With 263 Illustrations.

"An interesting and essentially popular résumé of all that has been written on the subject. M. Figuiet has collected together the evidences which modern researches have accumulated, and has done this with a considerable amount of care."—ATHENÆUM.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 18s.

Gay's From Pall Mall to the Punjaub ;

or, With the Prince in India. By J. DREW GAY. With fine full-page Illustrations.

"A lasting memorial of an interesting journey."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"Written in a lively and unpretentious style, and sparkling here and there with genuine humour, the work is a decidedly attractive one."—LEEDS MERCURY.

"A very readable and enjoyable narrative of a journey whose importance and interest are already part of history."—HOME NEWS.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 18s.

Gell and Gandy's Pompeiana ;

or, The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. With upwards of 100 Line Engravings by GOODALL, COOKE, HEATH, PYE, &c.

THE RUSKIN GRIMM.—Square crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

German Popular Stories.

Collected by the Brothers GRIMM, and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN RUSKIN. With 22 Illustrations after the inimitable designs of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Both Series Complete.

"The illustrations of this volume . . . are of quite sterling and admirable art, of a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have before said in the Appendix to my 'Elements of Drawing,' were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt (in some qualities of delineation, unrivalled even by him). . . . To make somewhat enlarged copies of them, looking at them through a magnifying glass, and never putting two lines where Cruikshank has put only one, would be an exercise in decision and severe drawing which would leave afterwards little to be learnt in schools."—Extract from Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN.

One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Gilbert's (W. S.) Original Plays :

"A Wicked World," "Charity," "The Palace of Truth,"
"Pygmalion," "Trial by Jury," &c.

"His workmanship is in its way perfect ; it is very sound, very even, very well sustained, and excellently balanced throughout."—OBSERVER.

Demy 4to, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 31s. 6d.

Gillray the Caricaturist :

The Story of his Life and Times, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Engravings. Edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. With 83 full-page Plates, and numerous Wood Engravings.

"High as the expectations excited by this description [in the Introduction] may be, they will not be disappointed. The most inquisitive or exacting reader will find ready gathered to his hand, without the trouble of reference, almost every scrap of narrative, anecdote, gossip, scandal, or epigram, that he can possibly require for the elucidation of the caricatures."—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with a Map, 3s. 6d.

Gold ;

Or, Legal Regulations for the Standard of Gold and Silver Ware in the different Countries of the World. Translated from the German of STÜDNITZ by Mrs. BREWER, and Edited, with additions, by EDWIN W. STREETER.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

The Golden Treasury of Thought :

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF QUOTATIONS from Writers of all Times and Countries. Selected and Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR.

Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

Gosse's King Erik :

A Tragedy. By EDMUND W. GOSSE. With a Vignette by W. B. SCOTT.

"The author's book, 'On Viol and Flute,' displayed such a remarkable ear for music, such a singular poetic interpretation of flowers and trees, and such-like children of Flora, and, above all, such a distinct and individual poetic savour, that it would have been a pity indeed had these good gifts been wasted in any wrong direction. In this case there is happily no cause for such pity. We have seldom seen so marked an advance in a second book beyond a first. . . . The faults of 'King Erik' are but slight matters ; its merits are solid, and of a very high order."—ACADEMY.

Small 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

Gosse's On Viol and Flute.

Second Edition. With a Vignette by W. B. SCOTT.

Square 16mo, (Tauchnitz size), cloth extra, 2s. per volume.

The Golden Library:

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.

The Book of Clerical Anecdotes.

Byron's Don Juan.

Carlyle (Thomas) on the Choice of Books. With a Memoir. 1s. 6d.

Emerson's Letters and Social Aims.

Godwin's (William) Lives of the Necromancers.

Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. With an Introduction by G. A. SALA.

Holmes's Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Hood's Whims and Oddities. Complete. With all the original Illustrations.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of a Traveller.

Irving's (Washington) Tales of the Alhambra.

Jesse's (Edward) Scenes and Occupations of Country Life.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Both Series Complete in One Volume.

Leigh Hunt's Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Pieces. With Portrait, and Introduction by EDMUND OLLIER.

Mallory's (Sir Thomas) Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by T. M'CRIE, D.D., LL.D.

Pope's Complete Poetical Works.

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE.

St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and the Indian Cottage. Edited, with Life, by the Rev. E. CLARKE.

Shelley's Early Poems and Queen Mab, with Essay by LEIGH HUNT.

Shelley's Later Poems: Laon and Cythna, &c.

Shelley's Posthumous Poems, the Shelley Papers, &c.

Shelley's Prose Works, including A Refutation of Deism, Zastrozzi, St. Irvyne, &c.

White's Natural History of Selborne. Edited, with additions, by THOMAS BROWN, F.L.S.

"A series of excellently printed and carefully annotated volumes, handy in size and altogether attractive."—BOOKSELLER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Low-Life Deeps.

An Account of the Strange Fish to be found there; including "The Man and Dog Fight," with much additional and confirmatory evidence; "With a Tally-Man," "A Fallen Star," "The Betting Barber," "A Coal Marriage," &c. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With Illustrations in tint by ALFRED CONCANEN.

"The book is interesting reading. It shows that there are many things in London life not dreamt of by most people. It is well got up, and contains a number of striking illustrations."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood's Wilds of London:

Descriptive Sketches, from Personal Observations and Experience, of Remarkable Scenes, People, and Places in London. By JAMES GREENWOOD. With 12 Tinted Illustrations by ALFRED CONCANEN.

"Mr. James Greenwood presents himself once more in the character of 'one whose delight it is to do his humble endeavour towards exposing and extirpating social abuses and those hole-and-corner evils which afflict society.'"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

Guyot's Earth and Man;

Or, Physical Geography in its Relation to the History of Mankind. With Additions by Professors AGASSIZ, PIERCE, and GRAY. 12 Maps and Engravings on Steel, some Coloured, and a copious Index.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hake's New Symbols:

Poems. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

"The entire book breathes a pure and ennobling influence, shows welcome originality of idea and illustration, and yields the highest proof of imaginative faculty and mature power of expression."—ATHENÆUM.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Sketches of Irish

Character. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by DANIEL MACLISE, Sir JOHN GILBERT, W. HARVEY, and G. CRUIKSHANK.

"The Irish sketches of this lady resemble Miss Mitford's beautiful English Sketches in 'Our Village,' but they are far more vigorous and picturesque and bright."—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Illustrations, 12s.

Hawker's Memorials:

Memorials of the late Rev. ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER, sometime Vicar of Morwenstow, in the Diocese of Exeter. Collected, arranged, and edited by the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth. With Photographic Portrait, Pedigree, and Illustrations.

"*Dr. Lee's 'Memorials' is a far better record of Mr. Hawker, and gives a more reverent and more true idea of the man. . . . Dr. Lee rightly confines himself to his proper subject.*"—ATHENÆUM.

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 36s.

Haydon's Correspondence & Table-Talk.

With a Memoir by his Son, FREDERIC WORDSWORTH HAYDON. Comprising a large number of hitherto Unpublished Letters from KEATS, WILKIE, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, KIRKUP, LEIGH HUNT, LANDSEER, HORACE SMITH, Sir G. BEAUMONT, GOETHE, Mrs. SIDDONS, Sir WALTER SCOTT, TALFOURD, JEFFREY, Miss MITFORD, MACREADY, Mrs. BROWNING, LOCKHART, HALLAM, and others. With 23 Illustrations, including Facsimiles of many interesting Sketches, Portraits of HAYDON by KEATS and WILKIE, and HAYDON'S Portraits of WILKIE, KEATS, and MARIA FOOTE.

"*There can, we think, be no question of its interest in a purely biographical sense, or of its literary merit. The letters and table-talk form a most valuable contribution to the social and artistic history of the time.*"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"*The volumes are among the most interesting produced or likely to be produced by the present season.*"—EXAMINER.

"*Here we have a full-length portrait of a most remarkable man. . . . His son has done the work well—is clear and discriminating on the whole, and writes with ease and vigour. Over and above the interest that must be felt in Haydon himself, the letters afford us the opportunity of studying closely many of the greatest men and women of the time. . . . We do not hesitate to say that these letters and table-talk form a most valuable contribution to the history of art and literature in the past generation. The editor has selected and arranged them with uncommon judgment, adding many notes that contain ana and anecdotes. Every page has thus its point of interest. The book will no doubt have a wide audience, as it well deserves.*"—NONCONFORMIST.

Three Vols. royal 4to, cloth boards, £6 6s.; half-morocco, full gilt back and edges, £7 7s.

Historical Portraits;

Upwards of 430 Engravings of Rare Prints. Comprising the Collections of RODD, RICHARDSON, CAULFIELD, &c. With Descriptive Text to every Plate, giving a brief outline of the most important Historical and Biographical Facts and Dates connected with each Portrait, and references to original Authorities.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works,

In Prose and Verse. Including the CREAM OF THE COMIC ANNUALS. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and over Two Hundred original Illustrations.

"Not only does the volume include the better-known poems by the author, but also what is happily described as 'the Cream of the Comic Annuals.' Such delicious things as 'Don't you smell Fire?' 'The Parish Revolution,' and 'Huggins and Duggins,' will never want readers."—GRAPHIC.

"A fair representative selection of Hood's works, many of which have been hitherto inaccessible except at high prices. Most of the best known of his comic effusions—those punning ballads in which he has never been approached—are to be found in the liberal collection Messrs. Chatto & Windus have given to the public."—BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL.

Square crown 8vo, in a handsome and specially-designed binding, gilt edges, 6s.

Hood's (Tom) From Nowhere to the

North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES.

"Poor Tom Hood! It is very sad to turn over the droll pages of 'From Nowhere to the North Pole,' and to think that he will never make the young people, for whom, like his famous father, he ever had such a kind, sympathetic heart, laugh or cry any more. This is a birthday story, and no part of it is better than the first chapter, concerning birthdays in general, and Frank's birthday in particular. The amusing letterpress is profusely interspersed with the jingling rhymes which children love and learn so easily. Messrs. Brunton and Barnes do full justice to the writer's meaning, and a pleasanter result of the harmonious co-operation of author and artist could not be desired."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous

Works, including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons-mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With a new Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations.

"His name will be preserved. His political songs and jeux d'esprit, when the hour comes for collecting them, will form a volume of sterling and lasting attraction; and after many clever romances of this age shall have sufficiently occupied public attention, and sunk, like hundreds of former generations, into utter oblivion, there are tales in his collection which will be read with even a greater interest than they commanded in their novelty."—J. G. LOCKHART.

Two Vols. royal 8vo, with Coloured Frontispieces, cloth extra, £2 5s.

Hope's Costume of the Ancients.

Illustrated in upwards of 320 Outline Engravings, containing Representations of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Habits and Dresses.

"The substance of many expensive works, containing all that may be necessary to give to artists, and even to dramatic performers and to others engaged in classical representations, an idea of ancient costumes sufficiently ample to prevent their offending in their performances by gross and obvious blunders."

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Horne's Orion:

An Epic Poem, in Three Books. By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.
With Photographic Portrait. Tenth Edition.

"Orion will be admitted, by every man of genius, to be one of the noblest, if not the very noblest poetical work of the age. Its defects are trivial and conventional, its beauties intrinsic and supreme."—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Atlas folio, half morocco gilt, £5 5s.

The Italian Masters:

Autotype Facsimiles of Original Drawings in the British Museum.
With Critical and Descriptive Notes, Biographical and Artistic,
by J. COMYNS CARR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Jennings' The Rosicrucians:

Their Rites and Mysteries. With Chapters on the Ancient Fire
and Serpent Worshippers, and Explanations of Mystic Symbols
in Monuments and Talismans of Primæval Philosophers. By
HARGRAVE JENNINGS. With upwards of 300 Illustrations.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

✓ *Feux d'Esprit,*

Written and Spoken, of the Later Wits and Humourists. Collected
and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.

Two Vols. 8vo, with 52 Illustrations and Maps, cloth extra, gilt, 14s.

Josephus's Complete Works.

Translated by WHISTON. Containing both "The Antiquities of
the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews."

"This admirable translation far exceeds all preceding ones, and has never been
equalled by any subsequent attempt of the kind."—LOWNDSES.

Small 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 6s.

Kavanaghs' Pearl Fountain,

And other Fairy Stories. By BRIDGET and JULIA KAVANAGH.
With Thirty Illustrations by J. MOYR SMITH.

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

Kingsley's Fireside Studies:

Essays. By HENRY KINGSLEY.

"These 'Fireside Studies' show Mr. Kingsley at his very best. Their per-
ading charms are their freshness and liveliness. The volumes are delightful."—
TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Portraits, 7s. 6d.

Lamb's Complete Works,

In Prose and Verse, reprinted from the Original Editions, with many Pieces hitherto unpublished. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig."

"The genius of Mr. Lamb, as developed in his various writings, takes rank with the most original of the age. As a critic he stands facile princeps in the subjects he handled. Search English literature through, from its first beginnings until now, and you will find none like him. There is not a criticism he ever wrote that does not directly tell you a number of things you had no previous notion of. In criticism he was, indeed, in all senses of the word, a discoverer—like Vasco, Nunez, or Magellan. In that very domain of literature with which you fancied yourself most variously and closely acquainted, he would show you 'fresh fields and pastures new,' and these the most fruitful and delightful. For the riches he discovered were richer than they had lain so deep—the more valuable were they, when found, that they had eluded the search of ordinary men. As an essayist, Charles Lamb will be remembered in years to come with Rabelais and Montaigne, with Sir Thomas Browne, with Steele and with Addison. He unites many of the finest characteristics of these several writers. He has wisdom and wit of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos. In the largest acceptance of the word, he is a humanist."—JOHN FORSTER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Mary & Charles Lamb:

Their Poems, Letters and Remains. With Reminiscences and Notes by W. CAREW HAZLITT. With HANCOCK'S Portrait of the Essayist, Facsimiles of the Title-pages of the rare First Editions of Lamb's and Coleridge's Works, and numerous Illustrations.

"Must be consulted by all future biographers of the Lambs."—DAILY NEWS.

"Very many passages will delight those fond of literary trifles; hardly any portion will fail in interest for lovers of Charles Lamb and his sister."—STANDARD.

Post 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Map, 9s.

Lee's (General) Life and Campaigns.

By his Nephew, EDWARD LEE CHILDE. With Steel-plate Portrait by JEENS, and a Map.

"A valuable and well-written contribution to the history of the Civil War in the United States."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"As a clear and compendious survey of a life of the true heroic type, Mr. Child's volume may well be commended to the English reader."—GRAPHIC.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Life in London;

Or, The History of Jerry Hawthorn and Corinthian Tom. With the whole of CRUIKSHANK'S Illustrations, in Colours, after the Originals.

Demy 8vo, cloth extra, with Maps and Illustrations, 18s.

Lamont's Yachting in the Arctic Seas;

or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. By JAMES LAMONT, F.R.G.S. With numerous full-page Illustrations by Dr. LIVESAY.

"After wading through numberless volumes of icy fiction, concocted narrative, and spurious biography of Arctic voyagers, it is pleasant to meet with a real and genuine volume. . . . He shows much tact in recounting his adventures, and they are so interspersed with anecdotes and information as to make them anything but wearisome. . . . The book, as a whole, is the most important addition made to our Arctic literature for a long time."—ATHENÆUM.

"Full of entertainment and information."—NATURE.

Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Linton's Joshua Davidson,

Christian and Communist. By E. LYNN LINTON. Sixth Edition, with a New Preface.

"In a short and vigorous preface, Mrs. Linton defends her notion of the logical outcome of Christianity as embodied in this attempt to conceive how Christ would have acted, with whom He would have fraternised, and who would have declined to receive Him, had He appeared in the present generation."—EXAMINER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Complete Prose Works.

Including "Outre Mer," "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "Driftwood." With Portrait and Illustrations by VALENTINE BROMLEY.

"* * This is by far the most complete edition ever issued in this country. "Outre-Mer" contains two additional chapters, restored from the first edition; while "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and the little collection of Sketches entitled "Driftwood," are now first introduced to the English Public.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Longfellow's Poetical Works.

Carefully Reprinted from the Original Editions. With numerous fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

"Mr. Longfellow has for many years been the best known and the most read of American poets; and his popularity is of the right kind, and rightly and fairly won. He has not stooped to catch attention by artifice, nor striven to force it by violence. His works have faced the test of parody and burlesque (which in these days is almost the common lot of writings of any mark), and have come off unharmed."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

Lost Beauties of the English Language:

An Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers.
By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

THE FRASER PORTRAITS.—Demy 4to, cloth gilt and gilt edges, with 83 characteristic Portraits, 31s. 6d.

Maclise's Gallery of Illustrious Literary

Characters. With Notes by Dr. MAGINN. Edited, with copious Additional Notes, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A.

"One of the most interesting volumes of this year's literature."—TIMES.

"Deserves a place on every drawing-room table, and may not unfitly be removed from the drawing-room to the library."—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

Madre Natura v. The Moloch of Fashion.

By LUKE LIMNER. With 32 Illustrations by the Author.

FOURTH EDITION, revised and enlarged.

"Agreeably written and amusingly illustrated. Common sense and erudition are brought to bear on the subjects discussed in it."—LANCET.

Handsomely printed in facsimile, price 5s.

Magna Charta.

An exact Facsimile of the Original Document in the British Museum, printed on fine plate paper, nearly 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, with the Arms and Seals of the Barons emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

* * A full Translation, with Notes, on a large sheet, 6d.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Mark Twain's The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

"The earlier part of the book is to our thinking the most amusing thing Mark Twain has written. The humour is not always uproarious, but it is always genuine, and sometimes almost pathetic."—ATHENÆUM.

"A book to be read. There is a certain freshness and novelty about it, a practically romantic character, so to speak, which will make it very attractive."—SPECTATOR.

"From a novel so replete with good things, and one so full of significance, as it brings before us what we can feel is the real spirit of home life in the Far West, there is no possibility of obtaining extracts which will convey to the reader any idea of the purport of the book. . . . The book will no doubt be a great favourite with boys, for whom it must in good part have been intended; but next to boys, we should say that it might be most prized by philosophers and poets."—EXAMINER.

"Will delight all the lads who may get hold of it. We have made the experiment upon a youngster, and found that the reading of the book brought on constant peals of laughter."—SCOTSMAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Mark Twain's Choice Works.

Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Mark Twain's Pleasure Trip on the

Continent of Europe. ("The Innocents Abroad," and "The New Pilgrim's Progress.")

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

Marston's (Dr. Westland) Dramatic and Poetical Works. Collected Library Edition.

"The '*Patrician's Daughter*' is an oasis in the desert of modern dramatic literature, a real emanation of mind. We do not recollect any modern work in which states of thought are so freely developed, except the '*Torquato Tasso*' of Goethe. The play is a work of art in the same sense that a play of Sophocles is a work of art; it is one simple idea in a state of gradual development . . . '*The Favourite of Fortune*' is one of the most important additions to the stock of English prose comedy that has been made during the present century."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Marston's (Philip B.) All in All:

Poems and Sonnets.

"Many of these poems are leavened with the leaven of genuine poetical sentiment, and expressed with grace and beauty of language. A tender melancholy, as well as a penetrating pathos, gives character to much of their sentiment, and lends it an irresistible interest to all who can feel."—STANDARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Marston's (Philip B.) Song Tide,

And other Poems. Second Edition.

"This is a first work of extraordinary performance and of still more extraordinary promise. The youngest school of English poetry has received an important accession to its ranks in Philip Bourke Marston."—EXAMINER.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Muses of Mayfair:

Vers de Société of the Nineteenth Century. Including Selections from TENNYSON, BROWNING, SWINBURNE, ROSSETTI, JEAN INGELow, LOCKER, INGOLDSBY, HOOD, LYTTON, C. S. C.; LANDOR, AUSTIN DOBSON, HENRY S. LEIGH, &c., &c. Edited by H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette Portraits, price 6s. per Vol.

The Old Dramatists:

Ben Jonson's Works.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

Chapman's Works.

Now First Collected. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones; Vol. II. the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE; Vol. III. the Translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Marlowe's Works.

Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Massinger's Plays.

From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. With the addition of the Tragedy of "*Believe as you List*." Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

O'Shaughnessy's (Arthur) An Epic of Women, and other Poems. Second Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

O'Shaughnessy's Lays of France.

(Founded on the "Lays of Marie.") Second Edition.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

O'Shaughnessy's Music and Moonlight :

Poems and Songs.

"It is difficult to say which is more exquisite, the technical perfection of structure and melody, or the delicate pathos of thought. Mr. O'Shaughnessy will enrich our literature with some of the very best songs written in our generation."—ACADEMY.

Crown 8vo, carefully printed on creamy paper, and tastefully bound in cloth for the Library, price 6s. each.

The Piccadilly Novels :

POPULAR STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

Antonina.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and ALFRED CONCANEN.

Basil.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

Hide and Seek.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and J. MAHONEY.

The Dead Secret.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT and H. FURNISS.

Queen of Hearts.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and A. CONCANEN.

My Miscellanies.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

With Steel Portrait, and Illustrations by A. CONCANEN.

The Woman in White.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by Sir J. GILBERT and F. A. FRASER.

The Moonstone.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.

Man and Wife.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.**Poor Miss Finch.*

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.

Miss or Mrs.?

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and HENRY WOODS.

The New Magdalen.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. RANDS.

The Frozen Deep.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.

The Law and the Lady.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Illustrated by S. L. FILDES and S. HALL.

"Like all the author's works, full of a certain power and ingenuity. . . . It is upon such suggestions of crime that the fascination of the story depends. . . . The reader feels it his duty to serve to the end upon the inquest on which he has been called by the author."—TIMES.

Felicia.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

"A noble novel. Its teaching is elevated, its story is sympathetic, and the kind of feeling its perusal leaves behind is that more ordinarily derived from music or poetry than from prose fiction. Few works in modern fiction stand as high in our estimation as this."—SUNDAY TIMES.

Patricia Kemball.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

With Frontispiece by G. DU MAURIER.

"A very clever and well-constructed story, original and striking, interesting all through. A novel abounding in thought and power and interest."—TIMES.

"Displays genuine humour, as well as keen social observation. Enough graphic portraiture and witty observation to furnish materials for half-a-dozen novels of the ordinary kind."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

"In her narrowness and her depth, in her boundless loyalty, her self-forgetting passion, that exclusiveness of love which is akin to cruelty, and the fierce humility which is vicarious pride, Leam Dundas is a striking figure. In one quality the authoress has in some measure surpassed herself."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The Evil Eye, and other Stories.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

Illustrated by THOMAS R. MACQUOID and PERCY MACQUOID.

"For Norman country life what the 'Johnny Ludlow' stories are for English rural delineation, that is, cameos delicately, if not very minutely or vividly wrought, and quite finished enough to give a pleasurable sense of artistic ease and faculty. A word of commendation is merited by the illustrations."—ACADEMY.

Number Seventeen.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

Oakshott Castle.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

"A brisk and clear north wind of sentiment—sentiment that braces instead of enervating—blows through all his works, and makes all their readers at once healthier and more glad."—SPECTATOR.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS—*continued.**Open! Sesame!*

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.

"A story which arouses and sustains the reader's interest to a higher degree than, perhaps, any of its author's former works. . . . A very excellent story."—GRAPHIC.

Whiteladies.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

With Illustrations by A. HOPKINS and H. WOODS.

"Is really a pleasant and readable book, written with practical ease and grace."—TIMES.

The Best of Husbands.

By JAMES PAYN.

Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

Walter's Word.

By JAMES PAYN.

Illustrated by J. MOYR SMITH.

Halves, and other Stories.

By JAMES PAYN.

"His novels are always commendable in the sense of art. They also possess another distinct claim to our liking: the girls in them are remarkably charming and true to nature, as most people, we believe, have the good fortune to observe nature represented by girls."—SPECTATOR.

The Way we Live Now.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

With Illustrations.

"Mr. Trollope has a true artist's idea of tone, of colour, of harmony: his pictures are one, and seldom out of drawing; he never strains after effect, is fidelity itself in expressing English life, is never guilty of caricature."—FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By T. A. TROLLOPE.

"The indefinable charm of Tuscan and Venetian life breathes in his pages."—TIMES.

"Full of life, of interest, of close observation, and sympathy. . . . When Mr. Trollope paints a scene it is sure to be a scene worth painting."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bound to the Wheel.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

One Against the World.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

The Lion in the Path.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

"A carefully written and beautiful story—a story of goodness and truth, which is yet as interesting as though it dealt with the opposite qualities. . . . The author of this really clever story has been at great pains to work out all its details with elaborate conscientiousness, and the result is a very vivid picture of the ways of life and habits of thought of a hundred and fifty years ago. . . . Certainly a very interesting book."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, red cloth, extra, 5s. each.

Ouida's Novels.—Uniform Edition.

| | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|--------------------------|-----------|
| <i>Folle Farine.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Pascarel.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Idalia.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Puck.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Chandos.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Dog of Flanders.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Under Two Flags.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Strathmore.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Tricotrin.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Two Little Wooden</i> | |
| <i>Cecil Castlemaine's</i> | | <i>Shoes.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Gage.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>Signa.</i> | By OUIDA. |
| <i>Held in Bondage.</i> | By OUIDA. | <i>In a Winter City.</i> | By OUIDA. |

"Keen poetic insight, an intense love of nature, a deep admiration of the beautiful in form and colour, are the gifts of Ouida."—MORNING POST.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.—Two Vols. crown 8vo, 21s.

The Two Destinies:

A Romance. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White."

"Curious, clever, here and there of absorbing interest."—NONCONFORMIST.

"As full of absorbing interest as 'The Woman in White.' With practised art and all his old lucidity of style, Mr. Collins excites the reader's interest in the very first chapter. A strong vein of the supernatural runs through 'The Two Destinies,' which cannot fail to be read with intense interest."—ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

"Admirers of the author's remarkable constructive skill, among which multitude we may claim a forward place, will begin his new work with keener interest than usual when they see from the dedication that it has satisfied so exacting a critic as Mr. Charles Reade, who, we are informed, has been pleased to be interested by a 'certain novelty of design and treatment' found in it."—MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

NEW NOVEL BY DR. SANDWICH.—Three Vols. cr. 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Minsterborough:

A Tale of English Life. By HUMPHRY SANDWICH, C.B., D.C.L.

"It is a long time since we have read anything so refreshing as the novel to the composition of which Mr. Sandwich has been devoting such time and labour as could be spared from the more serious duties of an apostle of Democracy and clean water. Everything in the book is so delightfully straightforward. We are never bothered with subtle analysis of character, or with dark suggestions that things are other than they seem. . . . The story is not at all badly told."—ATHENÆUM.

JEAN MIDDLEMASS'S NEW NOVEL.—Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Mr. Dorillion:

A Novel. By JEAN MIDDLEMASS, Author of "Wild Georgie."

"This is quite the best novel which Miss Middlemass has written. The story is well conceived, well told, full of strong situations, and rich in surprises; the characters speak, act, and think like human beings, and the style is uniformly lively and well sustained."—WORLD.

A NEW WRITER.—Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

The Democracy :

A Novel. By WHYTE THORNE.

"A very careful, and in many respects very praiseworthy story."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"It is always difficult for anyone not personally concerned in English politics to write about them without making serious blunders; but the author of the novel before us keeps clear of error, and writes pleasantly enough."—ATHENÆUM.

MRS. MACQUOID'S NEW NOVEL.—Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Lost Rose ;

and other Stories. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

T. A. TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.—Three Vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

A Family Party in the Piazza of

St. Peter's. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. [In the press.]

NEW NOVEL BY JAMES GREENWOOD.—3 vols. crown 8vo, 31s. 6d.

Dick Temple.

By JAMES GREENWOOD.

[In the press.]

Two Vols. 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.

Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. New Edition, with Medallion Portraits.

"When I write, I care not to have books about me; but I can hardly be without a 'Plutarch.'"—MONTAIGNE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Poe's Choice Prose and Poetical Works.

With BAUDELAIRE'S "Essay."

"Poe's great power lay in writing tales, which rank in a class by themselves, and have their characteristics strongly defined."—FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

"Poe stands as much alone among verse-writers as Salvator Rosa among painters."—SPECTATOR.

Small 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

The Prince of Argolis :

A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. By J. MOYR SMITH. With 130 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and Facsimile, 12s. 6d.

The Final Reliques of Father Prout.

Collected and Edited, from MSS. supplied by the family of the Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY, by BLANCHARD JERROLD.

'We heartily commend this handsome volume to all lovers of sound wit, genuine humour, and manly sense.'—SPECTATOR.

'Sparkles all over, and is full of interest. Mahony, like Sydney Smith, could write on no subject without being brilliant and witty.'—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

'It is well that the present long-delayed volume should remind a younger generation of his fame. . . . The charming letters from Paris, Florence, and Rome . . . are the most perfect specimens of what a foreign correspondence ought to be.'—ACADEMY.

In Two Series, small 4to, blue and gold, gilt edges, 6s. each.

Puniana ;

or, Thoughts Wise and Other-Why's. A New Collection of Riddles, Conundrums, Jokes, Sells, &c. In Two Series, each containing 3000 of the best Riddles, 10,000 most outrageous Puns, and upwards of Fifty beautifully executed Drawings by the Editor, the Hon. HUGH ROWLEY. Each Series is complete in itself.

'A witty, droll, and most amusing work, profusely and elegantly illustrated.'—STANDARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d.

The Pursuivant of Arms ;

or, Heraldry founded upon Facts. A Popular Guide to the Science of Heraldry. By J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq., Somerset Herald. To which are added, Essays on the BADGES OF THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK. With Coloured Frontispiece, five full-page Plates, and about 200 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Rabelais' Works.

Faithfully Translated from the French, with variorum Notes, and numerous Characteristic Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Handsomely printed, price 5s.

The Roll of Battle Abbey ;

Or, a List of the Principal Warriors who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. Printed on fine plate paper, nearly three feet by two, with the principal Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

In 4to, very handsomely printed, extra gold cloth, 12s.

The Roll of Caerlaverock,

The Oldest Heraldic Roll ; including the Original Anglo-Norman Poem, and an English Translation of the MS. in the British Museum. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. The Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours.

NEW AND POPULAR EDITION OF "SANSON'S MEMOIRS."—One Vol. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Sanson Family :

Seven Generations of Executioners. Compiled from Private Documents in the possession of the Family. By HENRI SANSON. Translated from the French, with an Introduction, by CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

"A faithful translation of this curious work, which will certainly repay perusal—not on the ground of its being full of horrors, for the original author seems to be rather ashamed of the technical aspect of his profession, and is commendably reticent as to its details, but because it contains a lucid account of the most notable causes célèbres from the time of Louis XIV. to a period within the memory of persons still living. . . . Can scarcely fail to be extremely entertaining."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, profusely Illustrated, 4s. 6d. each.

The "Secret Out" Series.

The Volumes are as follows :

The Art of Amusing :

A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illustrations.

Hanky-Panky :

Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magician's Own Book :

Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from Actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. 200 Illustrations.

Magic No Mystery.

Tricks with Cards, Dice, Balls, &c., with fully descriptive Directions ; the Art of Secret Writing ; the Training of Performing Animals, &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.

The Merry Circle :

A Book of New Intellectual Games and Amusements. By CLARA BELLEW. Many Illustrations.

The Secret Out :

One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations ; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. 300 Engravings.

Post 8vo, with Illustrations, cloth extra, gilt edges, 18s.

The Lansdowne Shakespeare.

Beautifully printed in red and black, in small but very clear type. With engraved facsimile of DROESHOUT'S Portrait, and 37 beautiful Steel Plates, after STOTHARD.

In reduced facsimile, small 8vo, half Roxburghe, 10s. 6d.

The First Folio Shakespeare.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT, 1623.—An exact Reproduction of the extremely rare original, in reduced facsimile by a photographic process—ensuring the strictest accuracy in every detail. *A full prospectus will be sent upon application.*

"To Messrs. Chatto and Windus belongs the merit of having done more to facilitate the critical study of the text of our great dramatist than all the Shakespeare clubs and societies put together. A complete facsimile of the celebrated First Folio edition of 1623 for half-a-guinea is at once a miracle of cheapness and enterprise. Being in a reduced form, the type is necessarily rather diminutive, but it is as distinct as in a genuine copy of the original, and will be found to be as useful and far more handy to the student than the latter."—ATHENÆUM.

Two Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 18s.

The School of Shakespeare.

Including "The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley," with a New Life of Stucley, from Unpublished Sources; "A Warning for Fair Women," with a Reprint of the Account of the Murder; "Nobody and Somebody;" "The Cobbler's Prophecy;" "Histriomastix;" "The Prodigal Son," &c. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by RICHARD SIMPSON.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with 10 full-page Tinted Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Sheridan's Complete Works,

with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, printed from the Original Editions, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, Jokes, Puns, &c.; with a Collection of Sheridaniana.

"The editor has brought together within a manageable compass not only the seven plays by which Sheridan is best known, but a collection also of his poetical pieces which are less familiar to the public, sketches of unfinished dramas, selections from his reported witticisms, and extracts from his principal speeches. To these is prefixed a short but well-written memoir, giving the chief facts in Sheridan's literary and political career; so that, with this volume in his hand, the student may consider himself tolerably well furnished with all that is necessary for a general comprehension of the subject of it."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Signboards;

Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

"Even if we were ever so maliciously inclined, we could not pick out all Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's plums, because the good things are so numerous as to defy the most wholesale depredation."—TIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 6s. 6d.

The Slang Dictionary :

Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. AN ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, revised throughout, and considerably Enlarged.

"We are glad to see the *Slang Dictionary* reprinted and enlarged. From a high scientific point of view this book is not to be despised. Of course it cannot fail to be amusing also. It contains the very vocabulary of unrestrained humour, and oddity, and grotesqueness. In a word, it provides valuable material both for the student of language and the student of human nature."—ACADEMY.

Exquisitely printed in miniature, cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

The Smoker's Text-Book.

By J. HAMER, F.R.S.L.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Stedman's Victorian Poets ;

Critical Essays. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

"We ought to be thankful to those who do critical work with competent skill and understanding, with honesty of purpose, and with diligence and thoroughness of execution. And Mr. Stedman, having chosen to work in this line, deserves the thanks of English scholars by these qualities and by something more ; . . . he is faithful, studious, and discerning."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial 4to, containing 150 beautifully-finished full-page Engravings and Nine Vignettes, all tinted, and some illuminated in gold and colours, half-morocco, £9 9s.

Stothard's Monumental Effigies of Great

Britain. With Historical Description and Introduction, by JOHN KEMPE, F.S.A. A NEW EDITION, with a large body of Additional Notes by JOHN HEWITT.

"A new edition of *Stothard* is quite an era in *Archæology*, and we welcome it the more because two of the most industrious members of the *Archæological Institute* have contributed greatly to its augmentation and improvement. The work has been reproduced by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, with many additional notes by Mr. Hewitt. In order to the production of these notes, Mr. Hewitt visited almost all the monuments drawn by *Stothard*, and the result of his examinations was a constant subject of discussion between himself and Mr. Albert Way, to which we owe the large amount of additamenta in the new edition now before us. To *Stothard's* work, more than to any other, may perhaps be attributed the great revival of taste and feeling for the monuments of our ancestors which the present generation has seen. The interest of the subject is of the most universal character, and this new edition of *Stothard* is sure to be very popular. It will be a great satisfaction to our readers to find that the result of recent *Archæological Investigations* upon such subjects have been carefully brought together in the work under consideration. Besides the exhaustive account of the effigies themselves, the work as it now stands includes a concise history of mediæval costume, of monumental architecture, sculpture, brass engraving, and the numerous topics arising from the review of a series of examples extending from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Foreign as well as English monuments have been called into requisition to illustrate the numerous points discussed in the work."—ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL, June, 1876.

* * A few Large Paper copies, royal folio, with all the coats of arms illuminated in gold and colours, and the plates very carefully finished in body-colours, heightened with gold in the very finest style, half-morocco, £15 15s.

Large 8vo, half-Roxburghe, with Illustrations, price 9s.

Stow's Survey of London.

Edited by W. J. THOMS, F.S.A. A New Edition, with Copper-plate Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Swift's Choice Works,

in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in the Original Edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

"The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in my apprehension, the masterpiece of Swift; certainly Rabelais has nothing superior, even in invention, nor anything so condensed, so pointed, so full of real meaning, of biting satire, of felicitous analogy. The 'Battle of the Books' is such an improvement on the similar combat in the *Lutrin*, that we can hardly own it as an imitation."—HALLAM.

"Swift's reputation as a poet has been in a manner obscured by the greater splendour, by the natural force and inventive genius, of his prose writings; but, if he had never written either the 'Tale of a Tub' or 'Gulliver's Travels,' his name merely as a poet would have come down to us, and have gone down to posterity, with well-earned honours."—HAZLITT.

Mr. Swinburne's Works :

The Queen Mother and Rosamond. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

Atalanta in Calydon.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Chastelard.

A Tragedy. Fcap. 8vo, 7s.

Poems and Ballads.

Fcap. 8vo, 9s.

Notes on "Poems and Ballads." 8vo, 1s.

William Blake :

A Critical Essay. With Facsimile Paintings. Demy 8vo, 16s.

Songs before Sunrise.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Bothwell.

A Tragedy. Two Vols. crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

George Chapman :

An Essay. Crown 8vo, 7s.

Songs of Two Nations.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Essays and Studies.

Crown 8vo, 12s.

Erechtheus :

A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The easy sweep of his flowing verse suggests anything rather than the idea of effort. Nor have we ever seen him stronger than in this poem of 'ERECTHEUS'; while no one can say, as they are borne along with his melodious numbers, that he has been betrayed into sacrificing meaning to sound. He seems to have caught the enthusiasm of a congenial subject; to have been carried back to the spirit of an heroic age, to have fired his fancy with the thoughts and sensations that might have animated the soul of a god-born Athenian in the supreme crisis of his country's fate. . . . Never before has Mr. Swinburne shown himself more masterly in his choruses; magnificent in their fire and spirit, they have more than the usual graces of diction and smoothness of melody. . . . The best proof of the winning beauty of these choruses is the extreme reluctance with which you bring yourself to a pause in the course of quotation. You feel it almost sacrilegious to detach the gems, and it is with a sense of your ruthless Vandalism that you shatter the artist's setting."—EDINBURGH REVIEW, July, 1876, in a review of "Erechtheus."

Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Rossetti's (W. M.) Criticism upon Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads."

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the

People of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, Processions, Pageants, and Pompous Spectacles, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With 140 Illustrations. Edited by WILLIAM HONE.

* * A few Large Paper Copies, with an extraset of Copperplate Illustrations, carefully coloured by hand, from the Originals, 50s.

Medium 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Dr. Syntax's Three Tours,

in Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With the whole of ROWLANDSON'S droll full-page Illustrations, in Colours, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN.

Large post 8vo, cloth, full gilt, gilt top, with Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

Thackerayana:

Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by a profusion of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the books of his everyday reading. With Hundreds of Wood Engravings and Five Coloured Plates, from Mr. Thackeray's Original Drawings.

"It would have been a real loss to bibliographical literature had copyright difficulties deprived the general public of this very amusing collection. One of Thackeray's habits, from his schoolboy days, was to ornament the margins and blank pages of the books he had in use with caricature illustrations of their contents. This gave special value to the sale of his library, and is almost cause for regret that it could not have been preserved in its integrity. Thackeray's place in literature is eminent enough to have made this an interest to future generations. The anonymous editor has done the best that he could to compensate for the lack of this. He has obtained access to the principal works thus dispersed, and he speaks, not only of the readiness with which their possessors complied with his request, but of the abundance of the material spontaneously proffered to him. He has thus been able to reproduce in facsimile the five or six hundred sketches of this volume. They differ, of course, not only in cleverness, but in finish; but they unquestionably establish Thackeray's capability of becoming, if not an eminent artist, yet a great caricaturist. A grotesque fancy, an artistic touch, and a power of reproducing unmistakable portraits in comic exaggerations, as well as of embodying ludicrous ideas pictorially, make the book very amusing. Still more valuable is the descriptive, biographical, and anecdotal letterpress, which gives us a great accumulation of biographical information concerning Thackeray's works, reading, history, and habits. Without being a formal biography, it tells us scores of things that could scarcely have come into any biography. We have no clue to the sources of information possessed by the editor. Apparently he has been a most diligent student of his hero, and an indefatigable collector of scraps of information concerning his entire literary career. We can testify only to the great interest of the book, and to the vast amount of curious information which it contains. We regret that it has been published without the sanction of his family, but no admirer of Thackeray should be without it. It is an admirable addendum, not only to his collected works, but also to any memoir of him that has been, or that is likely to be written."—BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and over 50 fine Illustrations on Steel and Wood.

Crown 4to, cloth extra, gilt and gilt edges, with Illustrations, 21s.

Thornbury's Historical and Legendary Ballads and Songs. Illustrated by J. WHISTLER, JOHN TENNIEL, A. F. SANDYS, W. SMALL, M. J. LAWLESS, J. D. WATSON, G. J. PINWELL, F. WALKER, and others.

"Mr. Thornbury has perceived with laudable clearness that one great requisite of poetry is that it should amuse. He rivals Goethe in the variety and startling incidents of his ballad-romances; he is full of vivacity and spirit, and his least impassioned pieces ring with a good out-of-doors music of sword and shield. Some of his mediæval poems are particularly rich in colour and tone. The old Norse ballads, too, are worthy of great praise. Best of all, however, we like his Cavalier songs; there is nothing of the kind in English more spirited, masculine, and merry."—ACADEMY.

"Will be welcomed by all true lovers of art. . . . We must be grateful that so many works of a school distinguished for its originality should be collected into a single volume."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Cyril Tourneur's Collected Works,

including a unique Poem, entitled "The Transformed Metamorphosis;" and "Laugh and Lie Down, or, the World's Folly." Now first Collected, and Edited, with Critical Preface, Introductions, and Notes, by J. CHURTON COLLINS. [*In the press.*]

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

J. M. W. Turner's Life and Correspondence. Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and fellow Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. A New Edition, entirely rewritten and considerably enlarged. With numerous Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' Clubs and Club Life in London.

With Anecdotes of its famous Coffee-houses, Hostelrys, and Taverns. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations.

"The book supplies a much-felt want. The club is the avenue to general society of the present day, and Mr. Timbs gives the entrée to the club. The scholar and antiquary will also find the work a repertory of information on many disputed points of literary interest, and especially respecting various well-known anecdotes, the value of which only increases with the lapse of time."—MORNING POST.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Timbs' English Eccentrics and Eccentricities: Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impositions, and Fanatic Missions, Strange Sights and Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folks, Men of Letters, &c. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With nearly 50 Illustrations.

"The reader who would fain enjoy a harmless laugh in some very odd company might do much worse than take an occasional dip into '*English Eccentrics*.' The illustrations are admirably suited to the letterpress."—GRAPHIC.

Crown 4to, half-Roxburghe, 12s. 6d.

Vagabondiana;

or, Anecdotes of Mendicant Wanderers through the Streets of London; with Portraits of the most Remarkable, drawn from the Life by JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. With Introduction by FRANCIS DOUCE, and Descriptive Text. With the Woodcuts and the 32 Plates, from the original Coppers.

Large crown 8vo, cloth antique, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler;

Or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation: being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Original Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G. With the 61 Plate Illustrations, precisely as in Pickering's two-volume Edition.

"Among the reprints of the year, few will be more welcome than this edition of the '*Complete Angler*,' with Sir Harris Nicolas's Memoirs and Notes, and Stothard and Inskipp's illustrations."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Vignette Portrait, 9s.

Wells' Joseph and his Brethren:

A Dramatic Poem. By CHARLES WELLS. With an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"The author of '*Joseph and his Brethren*' will some day have to be acknowledged among the memorable men of the second great period in our poetry. . . . There are lines even in the overture of his poem which might, it seems to me, more naturally be mistaken even by an expert in verse for the work of the young Shakespeare, than any to be gathered elsewhere in the fields of English poetry."—SWINBURNE.

"In its combination of strength and delicacy, in sweet liquid musical flow, in just cadence, and in dramatic incisiveness of utterance, the language throughout keeps closer to the level of the Elizabethan dramatists than that of any dramatist of subsequent times."—ATHENÆUM.

Carefully printed on paper to imitate the Original, 22 in. by 14 in.,
price 5s.

The Warrant to Execute Charles I.

An exact Facsimile of this important Document, with the Fifty-nine Signatures of the Regicides, and corresponding Seals.

Beautifully printed on paper to imitate the Original MS., price 2s.

Warrant to Execute Mary Q. of Scots.

An exact Facsimile, including the Signature of Queen Elizabeth, and a Facsimile of the Great Seal.

In portfolios, price £4 4s. each series.

Wild's Cathedrals.

Select Examples of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages; arranged in Two Series (the First FOREIGN, the Second ENGLISH). Each Series containing Twelve fine Plates, mounted upon Cardboard, and carefully Coloured, after the Original Drawings, by CHARLES WILD.

Three Vols. 8vo, with 103 Plates, exhibiting nearly four hundred figures of Birds, accurately engraved and beautifully printed in Colours, cloth extra, gilt, £3. 3s.

Wilson's American Ornithology;

or, Natural History of the Birds of the United States; with the Continuation by Prince CHARLES LUCIAN BONAPARTE. New and Enlarged Edition, completed by the insertion of above One Hundred Birds omitted in the Original Work, and Illustrated by valuable Notes, and a Life of the Author, by Sir WILLIAM JARDINE.

"*The History of American Birds, by Alexander Wilson, is equal in elegance to the most distinguished of our own splendid works on Ornithology.*"—CUVIER.

* * Also a few Large Paper copies, 4to, with the Plates all carefully Coloured by hand, at £6 6s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's Caricature History of the

Georges. (*The House of Hanover.*) With 400 Pictures, Caricatures, Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, &c. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.

"*Emphatically one of the liveliest of books, as also one of the most interesting. Has the twofold merit of being at once amusing and edifying.*"—MORNING POST.

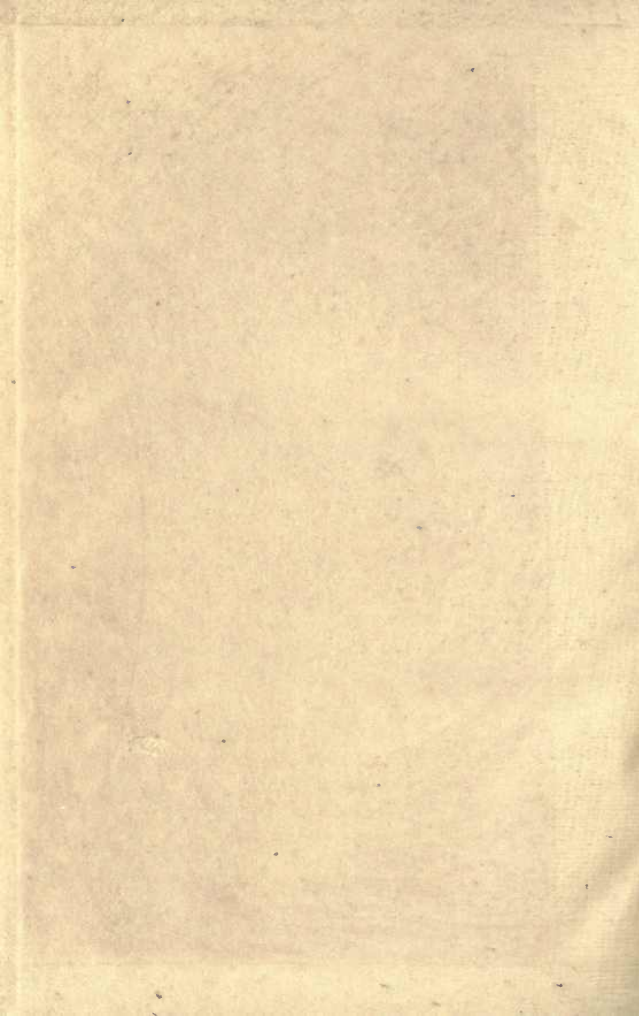
Large post 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

Wright's History of Caricature and of

the Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A. Profusely illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

"*A very amusing and instructive volume.*"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 11 11 11



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 020 252 3

